VOL. CCXII, No. 2766

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THE SPHERE, FEBRUARY 14, 1953
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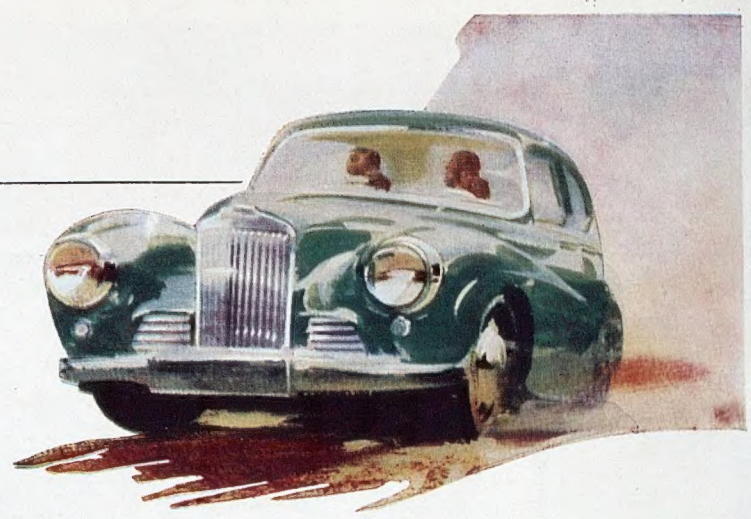

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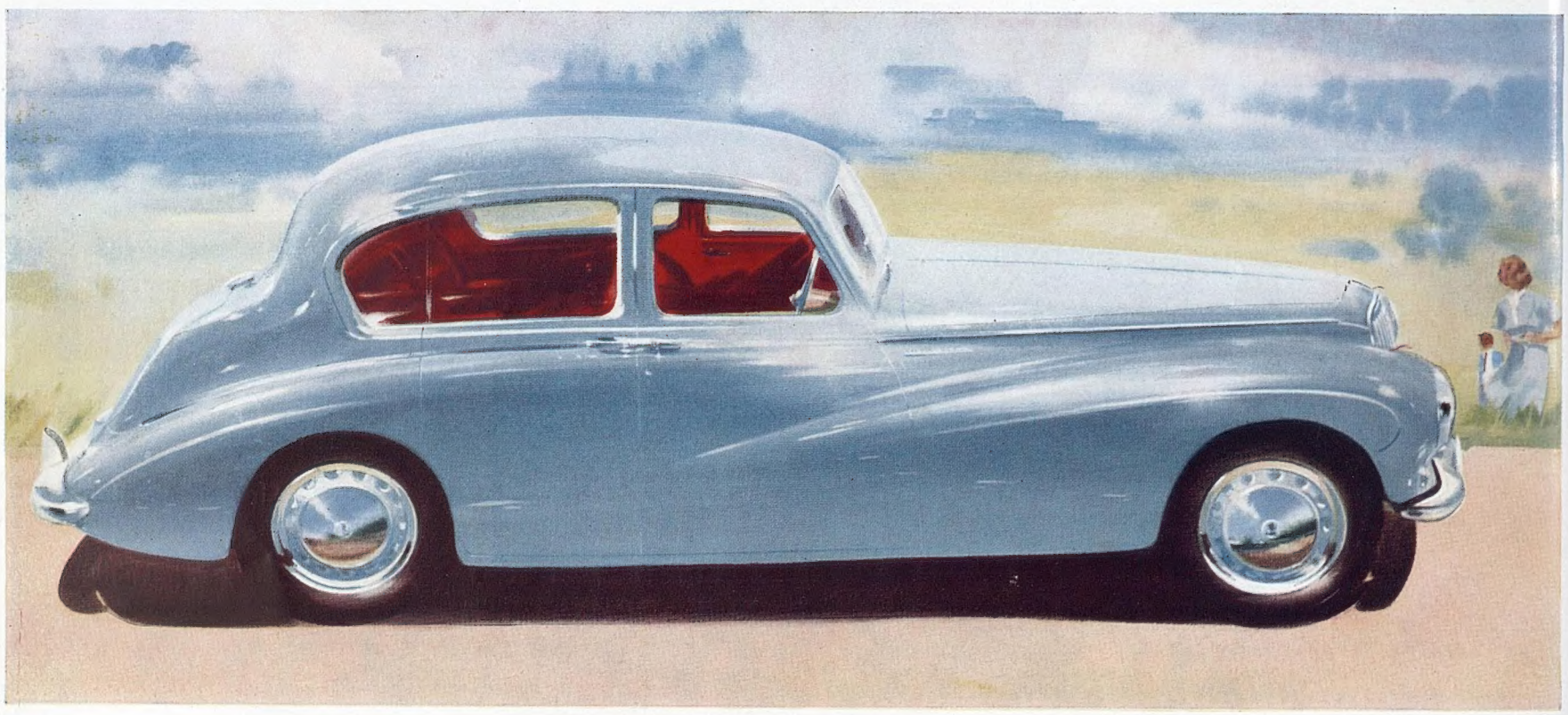

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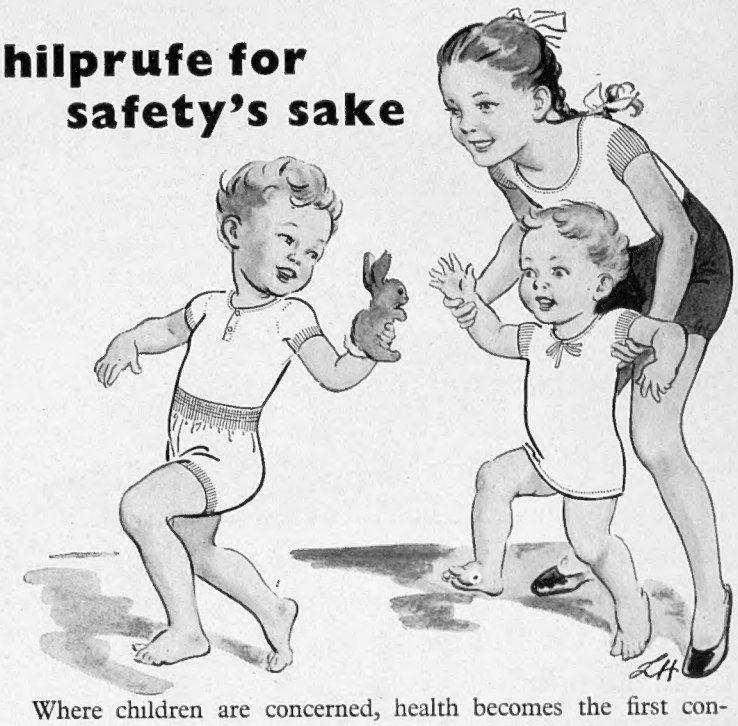

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Volume CCXII No. 2766 The SPHERE, London, February 14, 1953

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

HOLLAND'S FLOOD CATASTROPHE—A RESCUE FLEET OF SMALL BOATS PASSING THE GAPING BREACHES IN THE CANAL BANKS AS IT HEADS FOR THE STRICKEN TOWN OF ZIERIKZEE, ON THE FLOODED ISLAND OF SCHOUVEN-DUIVELAND : This picture typifies the nature of the tragedy which has overtaken the Dutch islands and indicates the immensity of the task of rescue when so much of the work is having to be done by small boats. Last Sunday Queen Juliana led the people of the Netherlands in a day of prayer and commemoration for the 1,300 or more flood victims.

Zierikzee, renowned in history for the exploit of Requesens, successor of the Duke of Alva, who in 1576 captured the place with 1,700 volunteers, wading across the canal in the face of the fierce fire of the islanders, has now added to its history the most sombre chapter, for it stands in the heart of Schouven-Duiveland, one of the Dutch islands which have been all but submerged by the great tidal waves sweeping in from the North Sea. Holland has geared her whole economy to the twin tasks of rescue and rehabilitation from the floods, and led by Queen Juliana and the Prince of the Netherlands, who returned from New York to play his part in the national effort, these tasks are being tackled with energetic help from British and American Forces from Germany and with the aid of gifts from people in every part of the world. In Britain the battle has been waged steadily in the flooded areas since the disaster a fortnight ago, with troops and civilians preparing against the onset of the next abnormally high tides. In two separate sections of this week's issue of *The Sphere* a full record is given of flood pictures both from Holland and England.

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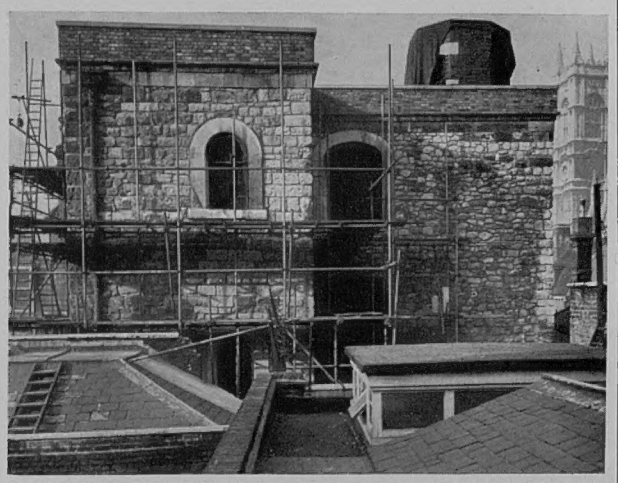
RESTORING LONDON'S JEWEL TOWER

WORK BEGINS ON THE EXTENSIVE TASK OF RESTORATION OF THE JEWEL TOWER (OR HOUSE), SITUATED JUST OFF GREAT COLLEGE STREET, IN THE CITY OF WESTMINSTER: This view of the old Jewel Tower, once the home of the State Regalia, showing the building encased in scaffolding, was taken from near-by Royal College Mews.

Just recently scaffolding was erected around the old Jewel Tower (or house) in Westminster, and work was begun on the restoration of the fabric. This extensive task, which will go on throughout Coronation year, is not expected to be completed until the summer of next year, when the building will be opened to the public. Said to have been originally a place of detention for monks at Westminster Abbey, the Jewel Tower was taken over in the fourteenth century as a Royal treasury in order to house the State Regalia. Later it was used to store parliamentary records until these were transferred to the newly constructed Victoria Tower at the Houses of Parliament in 1864. Inside the tower, where the walls are of considerable thickness, there are several outstanding fittings, including a fine medieval staircase, vaulted roof and rich carving.



A CLOSE-UP OF THE EAST WING OF THE JEWEL TOWER SHOWING THE SCAFFOLDING AROUND THE UPPER HALF: On the extreme right of the picture is one of the towers of Westminster Abbey, for which the Prime Minister recently made an appeal for £1,000,000.

THE TASK OF RESTORATION GOES ON INSIDE THE BUILDING: A workman is seen engaged in the reconstruction of one of the rooms on the first floor of the Tower.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE"

Orders for subscription to THE SPHERE *for dispatch to addresses at home and overseas can be sent direct to the Subscription Department,* THE SPHERE, *Ingram House,* 195-198, *Strand, London, W.C.2. The rates for* 12 *months, including Christmas Number, for Great Britain and Eire are* £5 16*s.* 6*d.*; 6 *months and Christmas Number,* £3; 6 *months without Christmas Number,* £2 16*s.* 6*d. For Canada the rates for the same periods are* £5 14*s.*, £2 19*s. and* £2 15*s.*; *and for elsewhere Overseas* £5 18*s.* 6*d.*, £3 1*s.* 3*d. and* £2 17*s.* 6*d. Terms include postage.*

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A London Newsletter

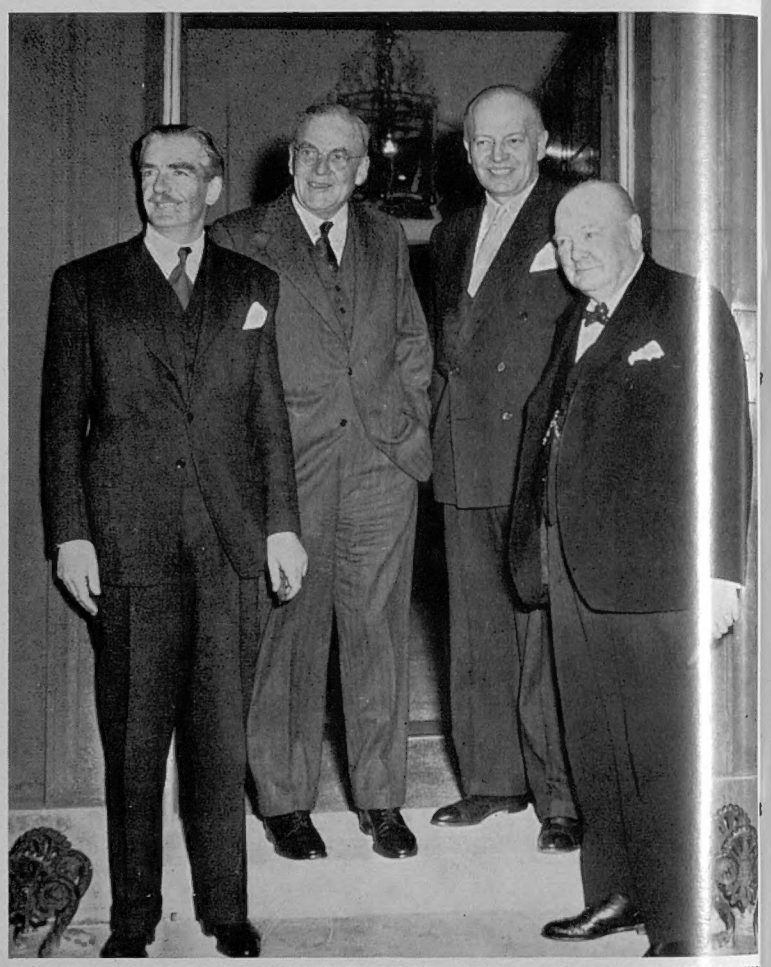
195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Eisenhower's Policy.—The President's address on the State of the Nation, as full of wise saws as of modern instances, is not a matter for hasty comment. It is being studied and only one item has been headlined, the decision to withdraw the Seventh Fleet from its special task and to de-neutralise Formosa, which came as no surprise in the speech, causes natural anxiety all over the Western world. Politically, the U.S.A. has done nothing *ultra vires*. The neutralisation of Formosa was a unilateral decision and its undoing was for America alone. And strategically also it was a logical decision. The Fleet's task was to prevent Chiang's forces from raiding into China at a time when it was hoped to confine the Korea war and prevent its spread. Long since Communist China has been the strength and impetus of the North Korean attack, pouring men and material into Korea, and no soldier could forever continue the Gilbertian situation of pinning down a fleet to protect the active enemy from disturbance by an outside force. The misgivings of the West, however, are not proof against such arguments, though I do not yet comprehend why it is assumed that, because Chiang can, he will undertake more important diversionary action against the Communists in China than he has been doing for some time past. His forces are not very considerable or important, and he well knows he will get no help in men from America or any of her allies. Certainly none of those Western allies can to-day favour kid-glove policies with the enemies of peace, nor object to any realistic effort to give the anti-Communists in Asia a larger responsibility for fighting back the enemy of their peace all over the Far East. Mr. Eden's pronouncements were less guarded than expected. He made very clear our Government's dislike of this decision and asked for time to consult with Mr. Dulles before more clearly defining to Parliament the Government's attitude and further action. I fancy the thorn that pricks most of us most sharply is the suspicions that the new President, after all, has not treated us with all the confidence and fellowship we had hoped from the new regime.

Tragedy on Land.—Of the disasters by sea and on land which caused such loss of life and misery in the first three days of February, I was thankful to be relieved of responsibility for day-to-day details. When these lines see print, we shall know the worst, we may have explanations of some of the causes, and some of the sharpness of the horror and the shock will, as human nature mercifully dictates, have worn off. These events, hourly chronicled in pictures and reports, fall back now into history, the tragic history of low-country folk and an island people who live in peril of abnormal tides and winds. It is a national disaster, for which the nation will willingly pay. For centuries of time, peoples living on the slopes of active volcanoes have periodically been overwhelmed by lava streams, their towns destroyed with heavy loss of life and property; and always they return to rebuild their homes in the danger zone. England is free from that danger, but the same obstinacy is seen in microcosm among Thames-side bungalow-dwellers, who every few years are washed out by abnormal falls of rain and return to build, with the blessing of the local authority, new homes in the danger area. Presumably they are used to their corner of England, prefer it to any other and are willing to take all risks to enjoy it. The Dutch and other low-landers have a stronger argument. Their country is largely below sea-level, and if it is to be populated, the population must rely on the dykes and sea defences. Most of England stands secure from abnormal tides, and our population, large as it is, could be with forethought made a little less vulnerable to the abnormal rages of Nature. What misery and grief and calm heroism these recent disasters have produced!—a bitter proof that the spirit of man is unconquerable; a bitter proof that Nature is still more powerful than science.

Tragedy at Sea.—Victoria is an ill-omened name for a ship. The sinking of the *Princess Victoria* is a sea tragedy of first magnitude in our sea-history. She was a modern ship of 2,500 tons, powerfully engined and equipped with the latest safety devices, and she was overcome by the waves five miles from the Irish shore. When she left Stranraer the weather was very bad and all knew they were in for a very nasty crossing. What they met must have been a gale of typhoon dimensions to destroy so quickly a vessel built for rough seas and fully manned. The extent of the tragedy is bound to raise serious inquiries as to ferry-ship construction and the responsibility for sailing and the advices available for reaching a right decision. Whose decision was it? Was the captain alone responsible, or is there co-operation from weather experts and the company? Clearly only the captain could be responsible for sending out the S O S as for abandoning ship. But the S O S seems to have been delayed for a long time after he had lost command of the ship. Some of these questions will no doubt be answered from the evidence of responsible survivors. We have come to regard it as a rare phenomenon if a passenger ship on a regular time-tabled route is held up from sailing. They are built and equipped to be safe, if uncomfortable, in the worst weather which normally attacks our coasts in winter. Meanwhile, we must assume that weather reports were received and noted, that these were as accurate as modern science could make them, and that an Act of God, unforeseeable, confounded the ship and the experts. It is a tragedy of the sea, as ever made glorious by the courage and self-sacrifice of passengers and crew and rescuers.

DULLES AND STASSEN AT NO. 10 DOWNING STREET



ENVOYS EXTRAORDINARY FROM THE UNITED STATES, AND THEIR HOSTS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM: Mr. John Foster Dulles (left centre), the United States Secretary of State, and Mr. Harold Stassen (right centre), United States Mutual Security Director, seen with Mr. Anthony Eden and Mr. Winston Churchill after they had lunched together at No. 10, Downing Street. Because the British leaders did not meet the American visitors at the airport certain American newspapers declared that Mr. Dulles and Mr. Stassen had had a cold reception. The much-discussed airport picture appears on page 228 of this issue. The two American leaders returned to the United States last Sunday after their tour of Europe.

An Appeal Which Cannot Fail.—If one shrine on earth can be sure of support to almost any amount for its preservation, that shrine is surely Westminster Abbey in Coronation year. "That temple of silence and reconciliation where the enmities of twenty (and more) generations lie buried," as Macaulay wrote in his *Warren Hastings*. And another great stylist (who owes a good deal to Macaulay) last week added a new phrase or two in the same vein, as he launched the appeal in Jerusalem Chamber:

> "We in our day have come through many perils and we have been helped and sustained by that sense of continuity which finds no other symbol more commanding than this historic edifice which links the past with the present, and give us confidence in the future. Shall we in this valiant generation allow the building to moulder under our eyes?"

I am perfectly certain we shall not. If ever a great issue could be assured of over-subscription, this is it. I would underwrite it alone without anxiety for my children's future. The fine periods of both these stylists exactly fit the appeal in this time of our trouble. For my part, I have known and loved the Abbey and its cloisters since the days when in a material age the

inspiration and burning faith of Canon Charles Gore, whose centenary has just passed largely unremembered, made the Abbey once more a place of hope and comfort to thousands living in the darkness of growing disillusion and materialism. And to-day, after dangers and troubles and changes undreamed of at the dawn of the century, the Abbey's appeal is both spiritual and material. We are called on to restore our shrine and to rebuild our faith.

Age of Little Men.—What is the root cause of the decline in dignity of our party system and the proceedings of Parliament? Some say that we are two nations speaking different languages. If so, it is understandable that here and there we should have clear evidence that party comes first and country last. And if, indeed, the nation were divided into the "haves" and the "have-nots," reason would that the division should be sharp and no common language exist for the exchange of views. But no one seriously suggests to-day that social injustices are so rife in Britain that civil war threatens and might be justified. If politically we are two nations (which I dispute), we are split in two not by social injustice, but by political policies, and I dare say the thirst for power is at the root of most of the policies. For division into camps is not on a national basis but, in one instance at least, on a party basis. The struggle for power is clearly in evidence in the Labour Party; indeed, it is openly pursued. Long years ago the earliest pioneers and admirers of the ideals of Socialism foretold and dreaded these very evils in the party. Socialism to-day is threatened by the actions of little men and the ambitions of little minds. There are leading men in that party who seem prepared to argue that the Government of the day is the Government of one party only, that a great national institution like the T.U.C. belongs only to one party—nay, that the fountain of honour is seducing from his party allegiance some individual in that institution whom it delights to honour. There must be no encouragement, no cheers, for a Conservative Premier. He is the enemy of half the nation. There must be no rewards from the Sovereign for a T.U.C. chief. He belongs to the cause of Socialism, the more important of the "two nations."

Manners Makyth Man.—There is nothing peculiar to Britain in this sorry division into camps. It is international, it is national, it is in parties and parish pump politics. Whether the manifestations be international or parochial, one feature is common to all—bad manners, the armour and the bluff of men who know themselves to be mediocre. One sees it in every department of life. All questions to-day are "burning" questions and none is two-sided. Your views are right and white, mine are wrong and black. Your neighbour is either an angel or a devil; he is never an ordinary human being striving for a right judgment in all things. And very occasionally we welcome evidence that the absurdity of the fashion, the positive inconvenience of "saying it with bludgeons" always, and never with flowers, impinges on an individual and he sets his "camp" in a flutter by a revolt to civilised behaviour. What is experienced in a small way is an exact microcosm of the international scene. A journalist expresses some view in good faith in his column. A reader who dissents from that view, or strongly opposes it, writes a violent and ill-mannered letter. Had the reader written with restraint and courtesy, an exchange of views would have followed in which misunderstanding of the journalist's phrases might well have been removed and the two opposing views brought nearer. But ill-manners closed the door and bludgeons battened down the lid. So also in party politics. If the opposing views could be expressed with courtesy and restraint, the "splits" which one party is anxious to conceal and its opponents to magnify would not be advertised. And so, essentially, in international disputes. Ill-manners are the chief curse of our age. Manners makyth man and mankind happier.

"As Others See Us."—A version of *Peter Pan*, by Eric Kastner, has apparently delighted Berlin. How true to the original in fact and in spirit the version is I have no means of knowing. Some of the spirit is clearly untranslatable in any foreign language and thought, and so, indeed, the Press criticisms reveal. But, for the most part, they are sympathetic and friendly, indicating a general surprise that a story so dreamlike and tender could come from a country so sombre, unromantic and realistic as England, and that the English should have actually erected a memorial to the boy who would not grow up. "You never can tell; no, Sir, you never can tell." To the heirs of Hitler's bankruptcy, we English are sombre, unromantic and realistic. And it is an extraordinary thing that we should pause in our dull materialism to erect a memorial to a romantic dream. Truly the North Sea and the Channel are not ditches, but oceans.

THE OLD STAGER

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

EPPING FOREST

By John May

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY JACK MERRIOTT

HURRICANE WINDS IN SCOTLAND

KIRKWALL HARBOUR, ORKNEY, BADLY HIT BY 100-M.P.H. GALES

THE DAMAGED ROAD ON KIRKWALL HARBOUR FRONTAGE, WHERE 300 YARDS OF THE HARBOUR WALL WAS ALSO WASHED AWAY IN THE GREAT GALE WHICH LATER SWEPT SOUTHWARDS TO WREAK ITS VENGEANCE UPON HOLLAND AND UPON ENGLAND'S EAST COAST: Damage to the harbour frontage at Kirkwall is estimated at over £250,000. The wind speed at Kirkwall was more than 100 m.p.h. Many small boats were sunk and the roofs were blown off some of Kirkwall's houses. Kirkwall's immediate concern after the gale was the restoration of her water supply, as 20 yards of her water main were swept away in the sea-front damage. Another piece of serious damage was the sweeping away of a quarter of a mile of the main road linking Kirkwall and Stromness.

THE TRAGIC TRAIL OF DESTRUCTION IN THE NORTH-EASTERN FOREST AREAS

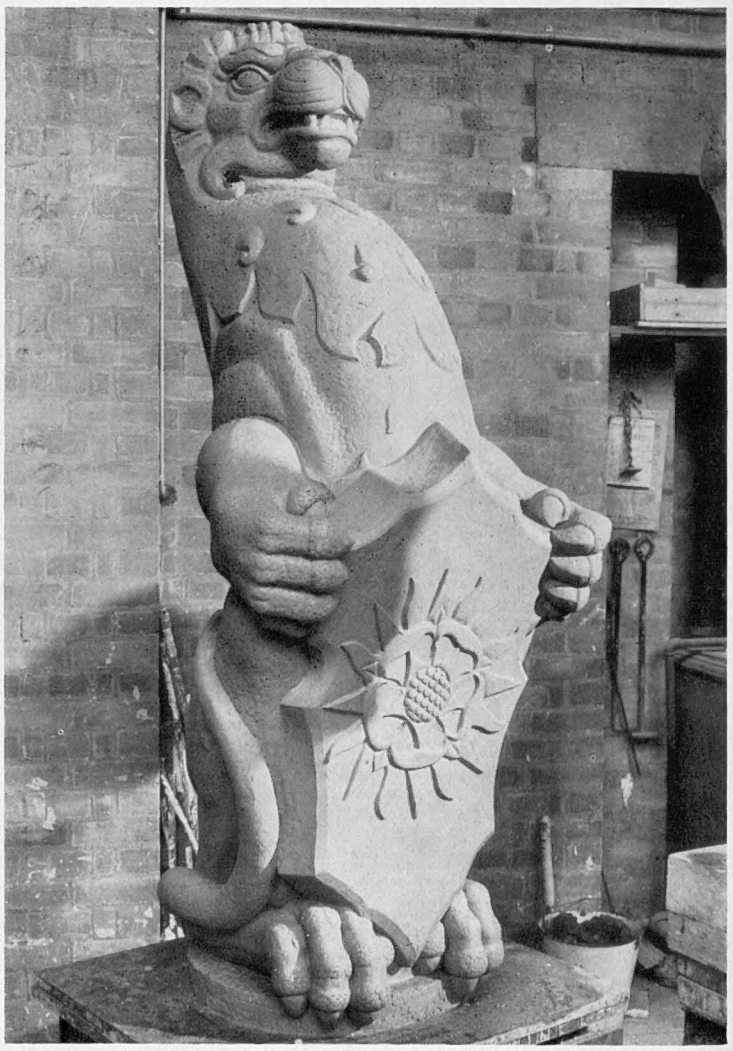
THE FLATTENED TREES OF CARLOGIE FOREST ON THE BALLOGIES ESTATE, NEAR KINCARDINE O'NEILL, WITH THE RIVER DEE IN THE BACKGROUND: The great gale laid low tens of thousands of valuable trees in Scotland, and only in the last few days has it been possible to build up anything like an accurate picture of the damage done to the Scottish forests. The worst-affected areas are in the north-east, stretching from around Nairn and Forres, on the Moray Firth coast, down Speyside and through Aberdeenshire, where the woodlands in the Dee and Don valleys have suffered severely. Private woodlands have suffered much more than those of the Forestry Commission, as they contain for the most part middle-aged trees due to provide the bulk of the merchants' timber in the near future. At Brodie Castle about thirty acres of sturdy beech, pine and spruce were levelled in about twenty minutes. The immediate problem following the disaster is to get the timber cleared and used.

"THE QUEEN'S BEASTS"

SOME OF THE FABULOUS ANIMALS WHICH ARE TO ADORN THE FACE OF THE CORONATION PAVILION OUTSIDE WESTMINSTER ABBEY SEEN UNDER CONSTRUCTION AT A HAMMERSMITH STUDIO

TWO OF THE QUEEN'S BEASTS TAKE SHAPE AT THE HAMMERSMITH STUDIO OF MR. JAMES WOODFORD, R.A., WHERE THEY ARE BEING PREPARED PRIOR TO BEING PLACED ALONG THE WEST WALL OF THE ABBEY ANNEXE, WHERE THE CORONATION PROCESSION WILL BE FORMED: *Left*—Mr. Woodford and Mr. Olds, the sculptor's moulder, watched by Mr. David Eccles, the Minister of Works, as they prepare the figure of the Unicorn of Scotland. *Right*—Mr. Woodford at work on the Lion of England. In all, there will be ten figures, all 6 ft. high, and they will support ten shields emblazoned with arms or badges that were used, like the beasts themselves, as heraldic devices by some of the Queen's ancestors. So far, the Lion of England and the White Lion of Mortimer have reached the finished state in clay. A mould of plaster of paris will be constructed round each finished clay model, which is then removed. Plaster is then poured into the mould. The shields borne by the various fabulous beasts will be painted in full heraldic colourings. It will not be decided whether to colour the animals until they have been set up outside the Westminster Abbey annexe.

THE DRAGON OF THE TUDORS: Mr. David Eccles watching Mr. James Woodford, R.A., pointing to a feature of the plasticine scale model of the dragon, while near by is the completed clay model. The dragon's self-satisfied air indicates his pride in being the guardian of such a fine heraldic device. In the background can be seen the Bull of Clarence.



THE WHITE LION OF MORTIMER: The beast bears the white rose of York upon its shield. The model is seen in its finished state in clay before the plaster mould is made. It weighs half a ton at this stage.

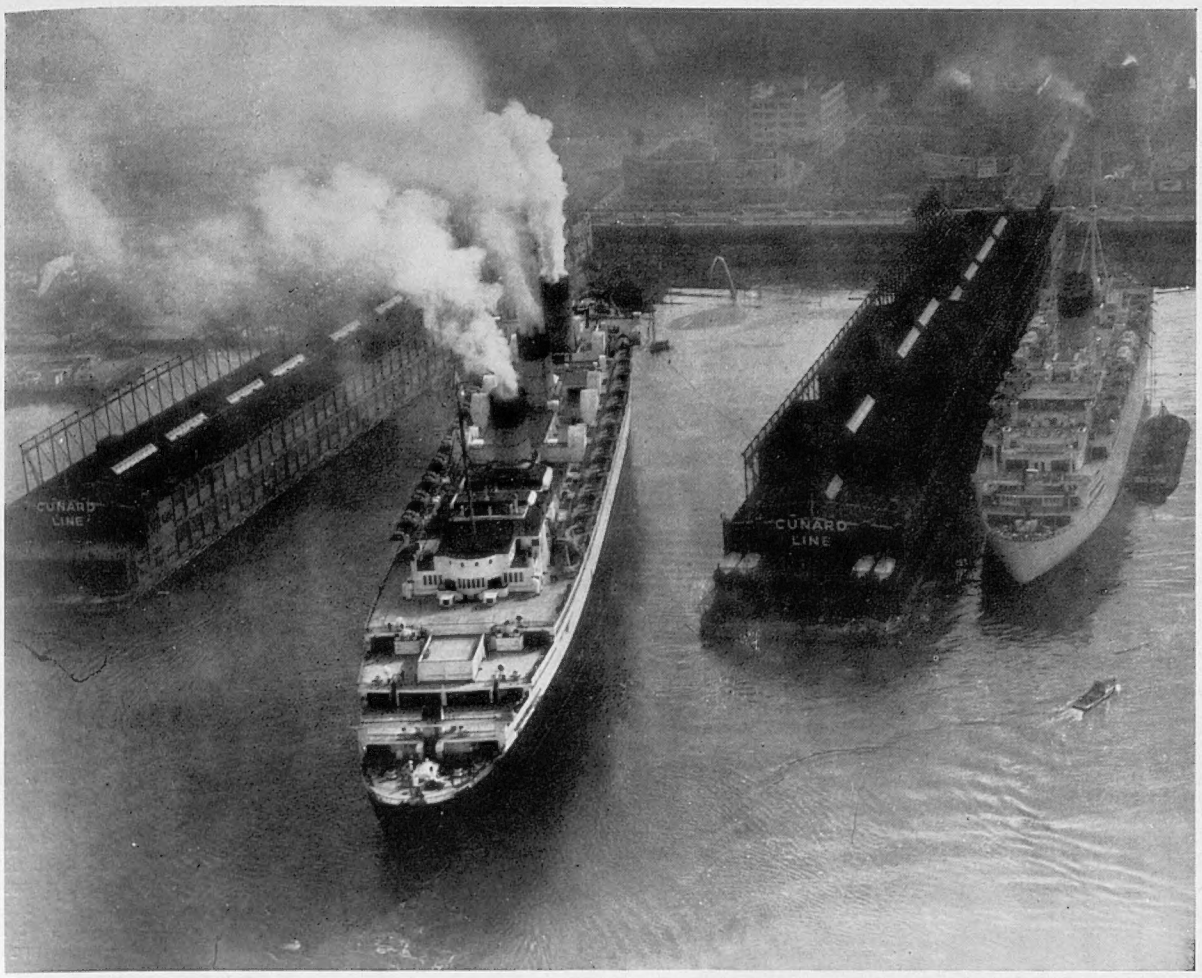
INTO NEW YORK WITHOUT TUGS

The "Queen Mary" Enters Port Under Her Own Power; the "Caronia" Hits Pier 90

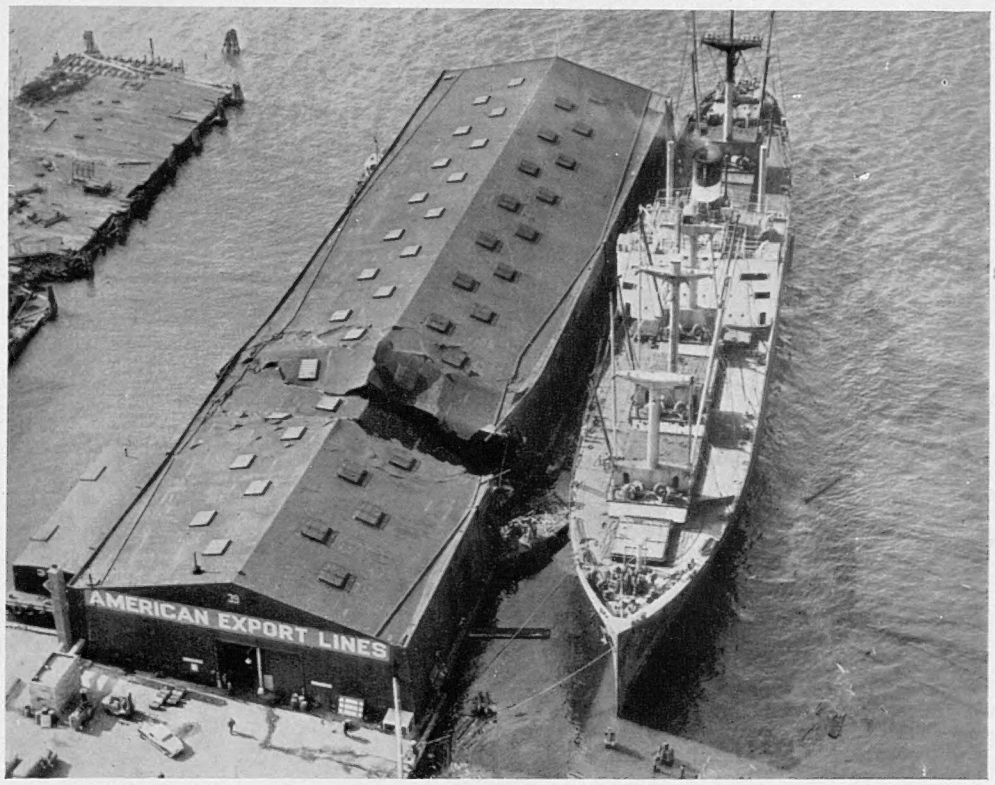
Just how brilliantly the captain of the *Queen Mary* handled his vessel in docking her without the aid of tugs at Pier 90 in Manhattan was demonstrated by the misfortunes which beset other captains of smaller vessels attempting similar manœuvres during the tug-boat strike in New York. Both the *Caronia* and the *Extavia* hit the shore in attempting to get in on their own, eddies and wind gusts spoiling their nicely calculated manœuvres at the last moment.

In New York, Philadelphia, and Norfolk, Virginia, cargo and passenger vessels had to berth and depart under their own power, and the first four days of the strike brought quite a crop of accidents, although none of them was serious. Mild winds and calm waters aided the captains as they brought their ships into port, but most of them waited for slack water before trying conclusions with the unknown.

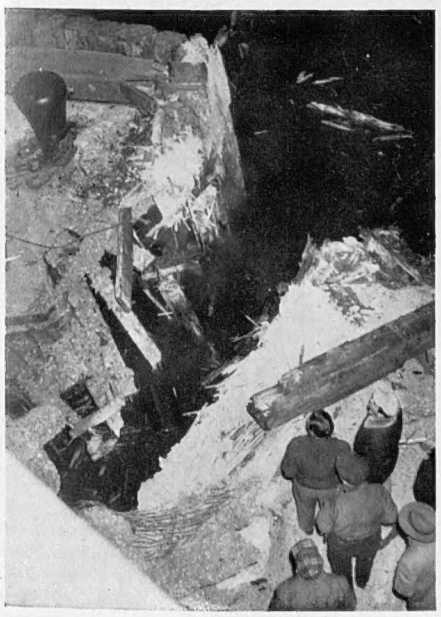
Captain Sorrell's performance with the *Queen Mary* duplicated the feat of Commodore Robert Irving, who on October 18, 1938, took the *Queen Mary* into her berth unassisted during another strike of tug-boat workers. When the *Queen Mary* was coming in last week it was at first thought that she would follow the lead given by the *Caronia* a few days before and bite deep into the dockside. Captain Sorrell quickly reversed his engines at the critical moment, however, realising that his 84,000-ton vessel was at the mercy of quite a strong current. The second manœuvre, in which the captain tried an angled approach, was completely successful and won considerable applause from the dockside On February 8 the *Queen Mary* and the *Ile de France* both left New York under their own power. Though they had to contend with a clinging mist, they both backed successfully into the middle of the river and went on their way without incident.



SKILL MEASURED IN INCHES: This aerial view shows the critical moment in the docking of the Cunard White Star liner *Queen Mary* at Pier 90, New York, which she had to enter without the aid of tugs, owing to the strike of tug-boat crews in the port of New York. Captain Donald Sorrell, a veteran with forty-four years' service at sea, manœuvred the ship, which was caught by an ebb current at the first attempt, but at the second attempt he pivoted the 1,000-ft.-long vessel round the knuckle end of the pier and then inched her into her berth. Last week-end the *Queen Mary* left New York without tugs.



THE AMERICAN EXPORT LINES VESSEL "EXTAVIA" BESIDE THE WAREHOUSE INTO WHICH SHE HAD CRASHED WHEN ATTEMPTING TO DOCK WITHOUT TUGS: The damage to the *Extavia* was of a minor nature and none of the dock workers was hurt. Part of the roof of this pier at the foot of Coffey Street, Brooklyn, collapsed as the *Extavia's* bows knifed through it.



THE S.S. "CONSTITUTION" HAD TO HAVE HELP: The American liner being assisted into her berth with the aid of two launches belonging to the President of the American Export Lines. She was eventually berthed on the north side of the pier after failing to reach her berth on the south side.

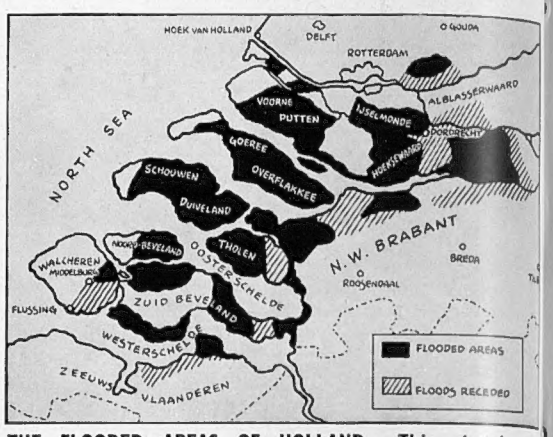
On left—

THE S.S. "CARONIA" CUT THIS WEDGE IN PIER 90 WHEN ATTEMPTING TO DOCK UNDER HER OWN POWER: The ship started a straight-in approach, as seen in the picture *on the right*, but a wind gust caught her at the last moment and caused this damage. The *Caronia* was returning from a West Indies luxury cruise.

THE GREAT FLOODS IN HOLLAND; A NATIONAL CALAMITY

A Special Section of "The Sphere" Illustrating the Inundation of One-Sixth of Holland Through the Invasion of the North Sea

A MIGHTY BREACH IN ONE OF THE MAINLAND DYKES NEAR WILLEMSTADT: An aerial view showing the waters on each side of the dyke on this inundated section of the Dutch mainland, where such grievous damage has been done by the floods. The town of Willemstadt came into being when William the Silent erected a fortress there.



THE FLOODED AREAS OF HOLLAND: This sketch-map also shows those parts from which the floods have receded. After the confusion of the first few days of disaster the situation soon became clear, and it was seen that among the islands and polders of the Maas and Scheldt deltas the scale of disaster was prodigious. In the first onslaught the Zuider Zee dam held and on the North Sea coast there was no large-scale destruction. With one-sixth of the land of the country under water it has been estimated that nearly 300,000 people are affected.

Last Sunday was a day of national mourning in Holland for the great disaster which has overtaken the country. Queen Juliana and the Prince of the Netherlands led their people in prayer, and later in the day the Queen broadcast to the nation on this catastrophe, which has taken a toll of over 1,300 lives, the worst visitation in the Netherlands since that of St. Elizabeth's day in 1421.

As the days have gone by the immense confusion caused by the floods is giving place to well-ordered measures for relief and rehabilitation conducted on a national scale and with a general fervour reminiscent of the Dunkirk days in Britain. Everything in Dutch national life has for the moment been subordinated to the main task of rescue, salvage and re-creation of the sea defences which are either down or are quaking.

The most prominent organisation in co-ordinating the nation's effort has been the radio. All day and all night the loud-speakers throughout the country have been calling for volunteers to go with spades to such-and-such a dyke, calling on doctors to report to various centres, and relaying individual items of news, such as the allocation of a dropping zone to aircraft bringing food and clothing to an isolated village. All ordinary programmes have been interrupted so that the continuous stream of messages relating to operations in the flood zones may go out on the air.

People of many nations have already played their part in bringing succour to the Dutch, not least the British forces from Germany, but the greatest outside effort has beyond doubt come from the Americans who, under General Manton S. Eddy, an American commander from Germany, who has established his headquarters at The Hague, have made an all-out effort to bring speedy relief to the stricken nation. The performance of the American helicopter units has been astonishing, their patrols picking survivors from isolated patches of land, the roofs of houses, and even, it is said, the branches of trees. The submerged islands and peninsulas of South Holland and Zeeland present such a sight to-day that the foreign visitor might well be excused if at first he minimised the disaster, for there is so vast an area completely under water that past knowledge is essential to proper assessment of the magnitude of the inundation. The island of Overflakkee, for instance, 15 miles long and 18 miles wide, now presents the appearance of a bleak lagoon rimmed by earth embankments. For the moment it has become a new atoll in the North Sea.

The Dutch Government has announced that Holland will give up no land taken by the sea, and they are already setting about preparing plans for restoring the old pattern of their sea defences. Thereafter they will consider what needs to be done to make South Holland and Zeeland permanently safe, but the task will take years, millions of money and an immensity of labour.

THE ISLAND OF SCHOUVEN-DUIVELAND, WITH FLOODWATERS SPREADING AS FAR AS THE EYE CAN SEE: On Schouven-Duiveland 10,000 people had been evacuated by Thursday of last week and 300 bodies had been recovered. Even so, great crowds of people were still awaiting evacuation from a mile-long stretch of dry land at Bruinissee. Arrangements were made to keep 200 able-bodied young men grouped together on the island so that they might be ready to tackle the tasks of dyke repair.

ALL THAT IS LEFT OF A STREET OF HOUSES IN ONE OF THE TOWNS OF NORTH BEVELAND: Only three homes are left standing in the street as a result of the tidal wave which swept with its fullest force on this part of the coastline, which is near the outer bastions of the Dutch island system. Those whose homes lay near one of the main sea channels were comparatively fortunate, many of them being rescued en masse by inward- or outward-bound vessels. Others had to be rescued by small craft.

A TYPICAL RESCUE BY SMALL BOAT—MAROONED INHABITANTS BEING TAKEN FROM A NECK OF LAND AT LEPELSTRAAT, WHERE THE DYKE IS LITTERED WITH THE DEBRIS OF THE GALE: Amid the debris are the bodies of sheep and cattle. In some areas helicopters have played a great part in rescuing isolated people. The hover craft operating from a station in South-West Brabant have been going out in all the hours of daylight. Small naval vessels, coastal craft, fishing-boats and rowing-boats have all played their part in the rescue operations. For the rowing-boats it has often been an ordeal, as the currents are strong near the breached dykes.

THE TRAGIC EXODUS FROM THE TOWN OF KRUININGEN, IN SOUTH BEVELAND : A long line of carts and trucks rolling along the road out of the town as the evacuation got under way. Kruiningen lies towards the eastern end of the island where it begins to narrow before joining the mainland by bridge. The people were more fortunate than many in the islands as they could remove some of their belongings. In the outer islands the evacuees crowded into small boats and had to leave everything behind. Meanwhile on the mainland every large centre was prepared to deal with the great tide of evacuees.

HOLLAND'S DAYS OF TRAGEDY

FURTHER ASPECTS OF THE GREAT DISASTER WHICH SO SWIFTLY BEFELL THE PEOPLE OF THE DUTCH ISLANDS

THE LARGE-SCALE DESTRUCTION OF HOMES ON THE ISLAND OF THOLEN : A scene of devastation in one of the islands which was most hardly hit by the floods. Near-by St. Philipsland has almost entirely disappeared beneath the waves.

POWER OF THE FLOODWATERS : As it swept so relentlessly through the breaches in the dykes farming folk of the Dutch islands realised that their livelihood was gone for years to come.

A FREIGHTER CAST ASHORE BY THE GALE : People of Scheviningen standing round a vessel, which went aground at the height of the storm which sent the floodwaters coursing across the islands.

ON THE TRAIL OF DESTRUCTION IN SOUTH BEVELAND : A wrecked town on the island which flanks the main approach to Antwerp. Some of the residents have still clung to their homes as they have on Canvey Island, in the Thames Estuary. In one instance an officer of the Royal Netherlands Navy had to enter a house and demand that the people evacuate the place in the name of the Queen.

HIGH and DRY

TWO REMARKABLE PICTURES TAKEN ON THE TRAIL OF THE HURRICANE IN SCOTLAND AND HOLLAND

ORN BY THE HURRICANE IN N.E. SCOTLAND : These thirteen herring drifters broke adrift at the height of the storm at Ullapool, and were carried down the coast to pile up on the shores of Loch Broom. Most of the little ships seemed to be in fairly good condition after their tremendous buffeting by the winds and tides.

Below—

WHILE MANY PROPERTIES WERE SUBMERGED ON THE ISLAND OF THOLEN IN HOLLAND, THESE TOMBSTONES STOOD ABOVE THE FLOOD : That the monuments to the dead should survive amid so much devastation and loss of life was a strange aspect of the great disaster which has overcome the people of the Netherlands.

A SURVEY OF THE FOREIGN NEWS

THE PROBLEM OF THE EAST GERMAN REFUGEES

Anglo-Egyptian Talks on the Sudan; General Franco's Daughter Receives the Order of St. Sepulchre; Aviation News from Two Continents

YOUNG REFUGEES FROM EAST GERMANY IN THE WESTERN SECTOR OF BERLIN—A FEW OF THE THOUSANDS WHO FLEE FROM COMMUNIST DOMINATION EVERY DAY: The problem of caring for and resettling this great and ever-growing stream of refugees from the Soviet Zone has proved too much for the Federal Government alone and there has been much satisfaction at the promise of active intervention by the United Nations. Dr. Goedhart, the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees, has addressed a telegraphic appeal to the Member States of the United Nations and to the Council of Europe, asking them to support a scheme for making available money for immediate help to the refugees now pouring into Berlin. Dr. Adenauer, the German Chancellor, has appealed to East Germans to stay where they are, unless directly threatened by the Communists. East Germans, he said, would render Germany and the whole of the West the highest service if they stay in the Soviet Zone. The Chancellor added: "I cannot, however, pass over in silence that if hundreds of thousands flee, then hundreds of thousands of others will follow in their wake—and they will be Russians and Asians. Every German who stays defends a bit both of Germany and of the Western World. I hope that the Western countries will understand how grave a problem is involved—and also that it is their own problem too."

THE GERMAN CHANCELLOR LISTENING TO THE SCREENING OF AN EAST GERMAN REFUGEE IN BERLIN: Dr. Adenauer, third from the right in the background, was in Berlin to attend the agricultural exhibition there and to discuss the refugee problem. Next to him, second from the right, is Professor Reuter, the Chief Burgomaster of the city. The refugee being questioned is in the foreground, with his back to the camera. The flow of refugees into West Berlin continues to increase and a recent Soviet attempt to discourage them has had the reverse effect. The Communists promised refugees "generous treatment" if they return, but this has been taken as an indication that drastic measures to prevent escapes will soon be taken and that those about to flee should do so now before the frontier is completely sealed and it is too late.

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER AND MRS. EISENHOWER WALK OUT OF THE CAPITOL INTO WASHINGTON'S BRIGHT SUNLIGHT AFTER THE PRESIDENT HAD DELIVERED THE TRADITIONAL STATE OF THE UNION MESSAGE: Behind the President and Mrs. Eisenhower are Bill Russell (left), House Sergeant-at-Arms, and Gus Cook, the Assistant Architect of the Capitol. In his State of the Union Message President Eisenhower called upon the United States to follow a steady course in world affairs. This formal declaration by the President of the United States, of his national and international policies included the statement on Formosa.

THE ANGLO-EGYPTIAN CONFERENCE ON THE FUTURE OF THE SUDAN: Facing the camera in this picture are (from left to right) R. A. Burroughs, First Secretary at the British Embassy in Cairo; M. J. Creswell, the British Minister, and Sir Ralph Stevenson, the Ambassador. On the extreme right is General Neguib, the Egyptian Prime Minister. General Neguib was reported to have handed to the Ambassador an Egyptian "project" for a Sudan settlement, but although the two men spent six hours discussing the problem, the outcome was, it is understood, inconclusive. Meanwhile, General Neguib is intensifying his campaign in the Sudan, increasing broadcasts to the Sudanese and sending two special envoys to call on tribal chiefs in the south.

GENERAL FRANCO'S DAUGHTER, THE MARQUESA OF VILLAVERDE, RECEIVES THE NOBLE ORDER OF SAINT SEPULCHRE, ONE OF THE OLDEST IN SPAIN: The Marquesa is seen receiving the Order from the Countess of San Pedro, in the presence of the Marquis of Ciadoncha, Master of Ceremonies (centre), while her husband, the Marquis of Villaverde, stands on the extreme right. Three ladies and three knights received the Order during this picturesque ceremony, which was held at the Church of San Francisco, Madrid.

THE FIRST FLIGHT OF THE H.D. 31, THE NEW FRENCH AIRCRAFT WHICH IS CLAIMED TO BE THE MOST ECONOMICAL TRANSPORT PLANE EVER DESIGNED: One of the designs which aroused considerable interest in the French Government's contest for medium-range transport aircraft, for which well over 500,000,000 francs have been allocated, was the H.D. 45, proposed by Avions Hurel Dubois S.A., and incorporating outboard turbo-jets and wing-mounted fuel tanks; but though this design found favour with the authorities it was understood that an order for a prototype would not be given until flight-tests with the piston-engined H.D. 31, designed on similar principles, had been made. This aircraft has now made a successful first flight. The plane has extra-long wings and lift-struts which, it is believed, will provide a performance comparable with more conventional aircraft having a much smaller payload. The H.D. 31 weighs about 19,000 lb. unladen, and 30,000 lb. fully loaded, and has a cruising speed of about 160 m.p.h. It is 65 ft. long with a wing-span of 134 ft.

On left—

THE AMERICAN AIRCRAFT-CARRIER "WINDHAM BAY" READY TO SAIL FROM HONG KONG WITH AIRCRAFT BELONGING TO THE CHINESE NATIONAL AVIATION CORPORATION: These aircraft were originally supplied by the United States Government to two Chinese airlines to help start an internal transportation network, and they were at Hong Kong when the employees of the airlines decided to join the Communists. The aircraft, too, were claimed by the Communists, but Major-General Claire Chennault, who was leader of the "Flying Tigers" Air Force Unit which operated in China in the early days of the Second World War, and who was one of the interests concerned, contested their claim. A British court in Hong Kong eventually decided against the Communists, and Major-General Chennault appealed to the American Government for aid in getting the aircraft back to the United States. After lying in the open at Hong Kong for nearly two years the planes were not airworthy and the American Government sent the *Windham Bay* to Hong Kong to bring them back. A considerable amount of work will have to be done on the aircraft before they are again fit to fly.

A RING AROUND THE CHIPPERFIELDS

A Visit to the Winter Quarters on the Hampshire Downs of the Famous Chipperfield Circus and Menagerie

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

ONE of the animals you certainly would not expect to see on a downland walk in Hampshire is a giraffe. Indeed, the sight of a giraffe in such a place would be likely to give you quite a shock. It might even cause a man of weak fibre to forsake those liquid luxuries which are so pleasant an aid to the digestion of austerity foods, in favour of skimmed milk. But here, high on the Hampshire Downs, little more than 300 yards from a famous Bronze Age hill-fort, you might well get more surprises than that.

You might see a harras (that is the ancient, and correct, collective noun) of coloured horses peacefully cropping the close downland turf; a camel, perhaps, peering disdainfully over a hedge; a group of llamas, as curious as cats, pressing the fence to watch your passing. You might meet a herd of elephants out for exercise. You might find the peace of the empty countryside—and Hampshire is very empty indeed around here—shattered by a sound even more unnerving than the scream of a low-flying jet: the roar of a lion, when you are quietly watching a covey of partridges feeding, can be very startling. But all these things could happen to you on a winter walk across the Hampshire Downs, for here are the winter quarters of the biggest tenting circus in Britain.

JAMES WILLIAM CHIPPERFIELD, GREAT-GRANDFATHER OF THE PRESENT CIRCUS FAMILY: James William was eighty-three when this picture was taken in 1907. The Chipperfields can trace their descent back to a showman who flourished during the reign of Charles II.

The circus in Britain gets more publicity in a month at Christmas-time than in all the rest of the year put together. The great seasonal circuses—Olympia and Harringay in London, Waverley Market in Edinburgh, Kelvin Hall in Glasgow, Belle Vue in Manchester—capture the imagination of the public and are fully reported in the National Press. Rightly so, too, for famous acts from all over the world are gathered together for these circuses, acts which might otherwise never be seen in this country at all. And this Christmas publicity does the circus as a whole a great deal of good. Indeed, it might truly be said that the first Bertram Mills production at Olympia after the First World War pulled the British circus out of a decline and that Bertram Mills (who became a circus man by accident) more than any other man was responsible for the secure position of the British circus to-day.

But it should never be forgotten that a circus is, in essence, a travelling show, a tenting show, and that the winter is the time of rest and also of preparation for the arduous work of summer. It is during the winter that new acts are perfected and new animals trained. Only one of the great Christmas circuses in Britain is also a tenting show. That one is Bertram Mills, which is also one of the largest tenting shows. But, of course, many of the acts which appear at Olympia at Christmas do not go on the road with Mills in the summer: they are tenting in their own countries then. (In this connection, it ought to be pointed out that a fair proportion of the new Earl's Court Christmas Circus was provided by Billy Smart's Circus. Billy Smart, a newcomer to the circus from the fairground and a showman of great experience, has built up one of the largest tenting shows in the country in the course of only a few years.) However, the rule holds good, for Mills and Smart no less than for those circuses which never go to London: winter is the time of rest and preparation.

The winter quarters on the Hampshire Downs are those of Chipperfield's Circus and Menagerie. Visiting this isolated place, you step back into history. I suppose that the ordinary man-in-the-street, if asked to name a famous British circus family, would with little or no hesitation name Bertram Mills. Mills and Circus have become more or less synonymous terms for the majority of Englishmen. In point of fact, the Mills family, though they have done so much for the circus, have not been in circus for very long, only since 1920. That is no time at all compared with, to mention only a few families of British circus proprietors, the Sangers, the Ginnetts, the Pinders, Paulos, Fossetts, Yeldings and Chipperfields. These are circus dynasties. There are circus dynasties abroad as well: Ringling, Barnum and Bailey in America; Schumann, Knie, Krone on the Continent; Boswell in South Africa, and so on. The Schumanns are now billed as "the Royal family of Circusland," and that is a good enough billing in all conscience. But I wonder what it is that makes a "royal" family?

If long lineage has anything to do with it—and that is surely an essential—then the Chipperfield family have very strong claims indeed to be regarded at least as the "royal" family of the English circus and of the English showground. The Chipperfields were famous in the show world long before the days of circuses. They can trace their descent back to a showman who flourished in the reign of Charles II. Nearly 300 years ago a Chipperfield had a booth on the frozen Thames during one of the great frosts of the seventeenth century. And that is lineage enough. It is, indeed, one that cannot be approached by any other circus or showman's family, here or abroad.

The great-great-great-grandfather of the present generation was a conjurer who travelled the country with a puppet show strapped to his back and trained performing pigs and dogs in his spare time. He was followed by James Chipperfield, who had a famous menagerie and travelled at about the same time as Wombwell. His son, James William, carried on the menagerie, and gained great fame as an animal trainer. All animals seemed to come alike to him, for he trained both rabbits and elephants and almost everything else in-between. Richard Chipperfield, the elder, in addition to being a great circus and menagerie man and the inspiration of the present big show, might well have gained fame as an animal artist.

The Chipperfields came into circus by way of menagerie, as did the Krones, the Knies and the Hagenbecks. They still travel with a very big menagerie, specialise in animal acts, and go in extensively for the breeding of wild animals, many of which they supply to other circuses.

Naturally the war interfered with the circus business. Before the war Chipperfields had been a medium-sized circus doing good business and carrying a large menagerie. In 1946 they were playing one-day stands. To-day, they have the longest season of any circus, the largest Big Top, and play only week or fortnight stands, the only circus in the world to do so. Chipperfields have become big business.

How big you realise very quickly when you visit the winter quarters. Here, on the Hampshire Downs are 20 lions, 5 tigers, 2 leopards, 16 elephants, 60 horses, 2 giraffes, 1 rhinoceros, 3 camels, 5 llamas, 4 zebras, 8 monkeys, 12 poodles, 2 ostriches, 2 kangaroos, 2 pelicans, 6 penguins, 5 sea-lions, 10 black bears and 7 polar bears. Now a lion costs between £400 and £500. An elephant, bought on its home ground, costs between £600 and £700, and well over £1,000 before it is at home in Hampshire. There is a good deal of money, you will see, wrapped up in a travelling menagerie.

And these animals have to be fed. A sea-lion eats a lot of fish, and all this has to be transported to the wilds of Hampshire. But what a sea-lion eats is small compared to the amount of food required by a lion or an elephant. A lion requires between 12 and 14 lb. of meat a day, and a tiger has very much the same appetite. Twenty-five big cats present quite a big problem so far as food is concerned—a big storage problem alone. An elephant requires 1 cwt. of hay, ¼ cwt. of kale and ¼ cwt. of mangolds, oats, etc., a day. Hay is bulky stuff, and sixteen elephants also present a storage problem of no mean size.

You would not think (and I have mentioned only three of the many animals) that it would be possible to keep so many in so isolated a spot. It would be difficult enough, you might think, in a zoo in a big city. But the one thing that struck me most forcibly, and would strike anybody with any knowledge of animals at all was how extremely sleek and fit all these animals are. Normally, when you go into a cat house, even in the best-managed of zoos, you are immediately conscious of a distinctly feline aroma. Here, there is absolutely no smell at all. I am sure that that is partly due to the fact that these animals are kept on wooden floors (in most zoos the cage-floors are of stone), which can be scrubbed thoroughly and which are replaced frequently. But there is, of course, more to it than that. These lions and tigers are "worked" and, therefore, have an interest in life. The very last thing they are is bored, and that must have a considerable effect on their general well-being.

I have said that the winter is the time of rest for a circus. But you have only to make the briefest of visits to a winter quarters to realise that a circus never stops, that there is no rest.

I spent a long time here, and wherever I went people were working, and working hard. There was always somebody at work in the horse-lines, grooming or

BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD TICKLING A NEWLY-TRAINED CIRCUS LEOPARD: He found that this lovely animal enjoyed being rubbed with a stick in exactly the same spot as his domestic cat at home. Although the leopard was new to training it was astonishingly trusting and gentle, for leopards have a bad reputation and are notoriously treacherous and uncertain.

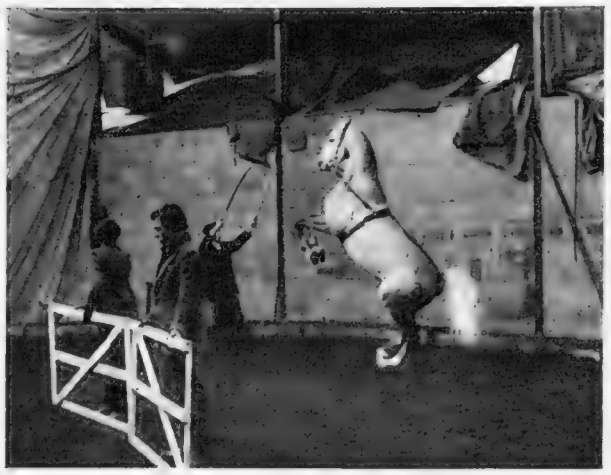
THE CHIPPERFIELDS—A FAMILY WITH CENTURIES OF SHOWMANSHIP BEHIND THEM: They have a lineage which cannot be approached by any other circus family, here or abroad. Nearly 300 years ago a Chipperfield had a booth on the frozen Thames during one of the great frosts of the seventeenth century.

feeding. Ivor Rosaire, the elephant trainer and a member of a famous circus family, was with his elephants whenever I happened to pass. And quite apart from the animals (though it was the animals that interested me most and occupied almost all my day) there were men painting wagons, men tinkering with machinery, men planning next summer's programme; and to move a circus of this size around the country is a planning job of major proportions.

Moreover, all the time there were lessons going on. I saw two Liberty horses being given lessons; two horses that next summer will be part of a new jockey act having their first lesson. I saw a new elephant and tiger act being rehearsed, and marvelled at the skill of the trainer and the understanding of the two animals. I watched a leopard, new to training, having his first lessons and was astonished at the trust and gentleness of an animal, usually reputed to be the most "uncertain" of the big cats, towards a stranger seen for the first time. I also learned that a leopard, or at least this leopard, likes being rubbed with a stick in a special place, just as a domestic cat does. My own cat goes into ecstasies when rubbed on a particular spot with a walking-stick, and this leopard was undoubtedly very pleased with the same treatment on the same spot.

A vast deal of nonsense is talked about the cruelty that goes to the training of wild animals in circuses, and always by people who have never been to see for themselves. I have heard people talk of "terrorised lions" in the big cage. It never seems to occur to these people that it would be quite impossible for one man to terrorise fifteen lions at once, that at some time during the act he must have his back to at least one lion, and that a frightened lion would also be a savage and revengeful lion. You do not train a dog to beg by kicking it in the ribs and banging it on the head with a poker. You do not train a guide dog for blind people by thrashing it. You do not train a lion or a tiger that way either. A day spent in a circus winter quarters would be quite enough to convince even the most sceptical that patience and kindness, not cruelty, is the secret: that and a profound understanding of wild animals and their ways.

This understanding, it seems to me, creates something of a bond between the man and the beast. I witnessed two examples of this. The rhinoceros—and a rhinoceros, as you will know if you have ever read a big-game hunting book, is not the sort of animal that one would choose for a pet—obviously delighted in the company of Dick Chipperfield, who can ride on its back, and obviously delighted in having its cheek rubbed by me and in licking my hand. And when we left that rhinoceros it called after us, a queer, high-pitched cry, which said as clearly as words that the sooner we came back the better pleased he would be. There was a full-grown lion, too, alone in the big cage for exercise. The trainer went in and encouraged him to sit up for me on one of the high stools. When he left the cage it was plain to see that the lion (described by everyone in the circus as "a nice character") was disappointed. It needed no imagination to see that the cat regarded the man as playmate as much as trainer.



ONE OF THE CIRCUS HORSES LEARNING TO WALTZ: Although winter is a time of rest for a circus the work never really stops, and at this time of the year many new acts are rehearsed and new animals are trained.

HARDAR JONNSON WITH ONE OF THE TIGERS OF THE CHIPPERFIELD CIRCUS: This animal, one of five tigers owned by the Chipperfield circus and menagerie, performs a unique act sitting in a howdah on the back of an elephant.

Chipperfield's Circus is very much Big Business now. The expenses of winter quarters must be enormous, and there is nothing coming in. The expenses during the summer tour average £4,500 a week. Thirteen shows are given each week, and nearly all of them play to a capacity, which is 4,500 people a show (during the coming summer the Big Top will be still larger). The rewards must be attractive. But the greatest reward, for such a family as the Chipperfields with centuries of showmanship behind them, must be that they are running a circus that with each year gets better and bigger, and bigger because it is better.

It might be thought that with all this success, with all this organisation and all this complicated finance, the family themselves would have deserted the ring for the office. The most attractive thing about this success-story is that that has not happened. This is still, as it has always been, a family circus. All the members of the family take an active part in the actual circus work and all live in wagons (most luxurious wagons, it is true, but, nevertheless, wagons), both on tour in summer and in winter quarters on the Hampshire Downs. Circus is in their blood, and they could not have it even if they wanted to do so.

Dick Chipperfield gained great fame as an animal trainer in his youth, and he still trains. Jimmy Chipperfield, after a distinguished career in the Air Force during the war, now manages the circus, but still works with the animals. John Chipperfield trains and shows the horses, most of which are bred on the show. Marjorie Stockley, who as Marjorie Chipperfield was famous as a horse-trainer, now runs the box-office, but she can take her place in the ring at a moment's notice, as, indeed, she did more than once last summer. Her husband (who was Jimmy Chipperfield's gunner in the war) looks after the circus transport, more than 100 vehicles, and all the electrical apparatus.

And that is what distinguishes a real circus family—that it should be able, if need be, to put on a first-class show without any outside help at all. That was the secret of survival for some circuses (the Rosaires and the Paulos, for example) in the lean times, and though lean times have long been strangers to the Chipperfields, the old hereditary talents are not allowed to wither. The children go to good schools, but it is in the holidays that they go to work—and love it.

ANIMALS IN THE FLOOD DISASTER

Frightened and Despondent, They Stand Helplessly Awaiting Rescue

CATTLE STANDING IN THE RUINS OF A FARMHOUSE ON FOULNESS ISLAND: While the struggle for life went on along the flooded Thames Estuary, these animals, hungry, frightened and unmilked, huddled around a long-derelict farmhouse.

CATTLE CROWDING TOGETHER IN THE FLOODS ON FOULNESS ISLAND: Farmers and officials of the R.S.P.C.A. went by boat to the island to see what could be done to save them.

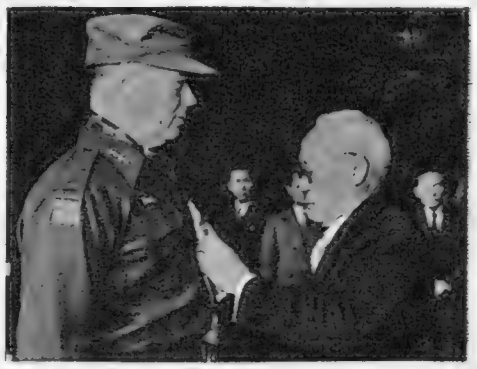
HORSES STRANDED IN THE FLOODS ON WALCHEREN ISLAND, HOLLAND: They stand, almost up to their bellies, in the vast expanse of water on the highest ground they could find. The railings of a bridge, showing above the water on the right, give some indication of the depth of the floods.

"TOWING" A HORSE TO SAFETY THROUGH THE FLOODED FIELDS NEAR SITTINGBOURNE, IN KENT: Mr. Statham, of Swale Halt, managed to rescue the horse Daisy after it had been out in the flooded fields for two days and nights. Farmers and others performed many heroic deeds to save animals.

THE KOREAN WESTERN FRONT DURING "OPERATION SMACK," THE ATTACK WHICH WAS LAUNCHED AGAINST THE COMMUNIST LINES AND SUBSEQUENTLY BECAME THE SUBJECT OF A BIG CONTROVERSY: Members of Congress demanded a full explanation of reports from Korea that official observers of this combat operation watched the attack from a safe distance, aided by elegantly-bound time-tables showing how the assault should go off, a programme of events enlivened with a coloured cover. Congressional interest was aimed at finding out whether this was indeed a specially-staged affair for high-ranking officers and observers. After heated exchanges it soon became apparent that "Operation Smack" was "perfectly sound and legitimate," General Lawton Collins stoutly defending General Van Fleet.

CHIANG KAI-SHEK SPEAKS TO THE FREE WORLD: The Generalissimo speaking at Taipeh, Formosa, when he called for support for General Eisenhower's policy of deneutralising Formosa. Chiang now has an army of 500,000, for the most part supplied with American weapons, and very highly trained.

On the eve of the retirement of General Van Fleet in Korea, the General filled the headlines when questions were asked in Congress about "Operation Smack," which took place on a small rise below the "T-Bone Hill" area west of Chorwon, on the west central front. The attack brought into play tanks, artillery, infantry and air support. Dispatches from Korea indicated that the visiting general officers and the correspondents were present because commanders thought the situation offered a good opportunity for them to witness the effectiveness of close air support. Close air support and its use have been hotly debated among the services in Korea. It has now been emphasised very clearly by General Lawton Collins, America's Chief of Staff, that "Operation Smack" was not a shooting show staged for the "big brass."



VAN FLEET, WHO WAS OFFICIALLY RESPONSIBLE FOR "OPERATION SMACK," HONOURED ON HIS RETIREMENT: The Eighth Army Commander in Korea receiving the Konguk—highest Korean medal—from the hands of President Syngman Rhee in Seoul.

VAN FLEET

The 8th Army Commander Delivers a Much-discussed Attack

CHIANG KAI-SHEK

Calls on the Free World

DULLES

The United States Foreign Secretary "Modestly" Received

On right—

GREETINGS AT LONDON AIRPORT: Mr. Julius Holmes, U.S. Minister in London; Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, British Minister at the Foreign Office; Mr. John Foster Dulles, the American Secretary of State, and Mr. Harold Stassen, General Eisenhower's Foreign Aid chief, seen together at the start of the Americans' visit. *The New York World Telegram* commented on this official reception by saying: "The British, usually most meticulous in observing diplomatic formalities, demonstrated official disapproval of President Eisenhower's foreign policy declarations when Secretary of State Dulles was met on his arrival at London Airport by only an 'official' of less than Cabinet rank."

From the outset of his visit Mr. Dulles made it apparent that foreign policy is to be no milk-and-water affair while he is at the State Department. General Eisenhower's pronouncement on Formosa, which has so shaken public opinion in Britain, also indicated that very clearly, while Mr. Dulles' view on Britain's role in the European Army was no less significant of new attitudes in Republican Washington. At London Airport Mr. Dulles expressed regret that his visit should coincide with the flood disaster. Of the purpose of the visit, he said: "We have come to establish contact with Mr. Churchill, Mr. Eden and other members of the Government. Like you, we are members of the Atlantic community, and it is good that newly-appointed members representing one of the Governments in the community should come to visit their colleagues and seek their views."

THE V. AND A. TO-DAY—THE OLD FAMILIAR FAÇADE, BUT A VERY DIFFERENT MUSEUM WITHIN : This is the Cromwell Road entrance to the imposing edifice designed by Sir Aston Webb. The Great Exhibition gave an impetus to the study of industrial design, and from its contents a selection was made of art objects which formed the Museum of Ornamental Art inaugurated at Marlborough House in 1852. Five years later the Museum was moved to South Kensington, and a building known as the South Kensington Museum was opened in 1857 by Queen Victoria. In 1899 the foundation of the extension was laid and the building was renamed the Victoria and Albert Museum.

REVOLUTION AT THE V. AND A.

How the Celebrated Museum in South Kensington has been Changed in Aspect Since the War Years, Helping People to Approach the Arts from a Broader, More Humanistic Angle

By C. H. GIBBS-SMITH

Museums are comparatively modern as national institutions, and most of them are the outcome of private collections, such as the great Don Salteros, in Chelsea, in the eighteenth century, where the curious visitor could be beguiled by such sights as a piece of Queen Catherine's skin, the Pope's candle with which he cursed the heretics, and instruments for scratching Chinese ladies' backs. In mid-eighteenth century all the private collections in London were soon eclipsed by the British Museum, which was opened in Montagu House in 1759 and included the fine collections of Sir Robert Harley (mainly manuscripts) and Sir Hans Sloane (books, manuscripts, prints, medals, coins and other antiquities). A century later came the no less remarkable Victoria and Albert Museum, an institution at once reflecting the thirst for knowledge in Victorian times and the zeal of the Prince Consort himself. It is with this Museum and the post-war revolution within its gates that Mr. Gibbs-Smith deals so revealingly in the following article. He shows how these recent developments have still further advanced the ideals of the Prince Consort, and at the same time done away with the forbidding austerity of the museum atmosphere.

DESPITE the publicity which the fine and applied arts have had in recent years, the word "museum" still has a somewhat ominous, or perhaps intimidating, ring in many people's minds. The word "museum," of course, is a general word, and covers any sort of museum, from a single dust-covered room in a local castle to the great galleries of the British Museum or the Victoria and Albert. But it is the latter—the V. and A., as it is so often called—which has in the last few years tried to make museums stand for something new in education and the appreciation of art.

Before the last war, the Victoria and Albert Museum arranged its vast collections of the fine and applied arts according to the departments which administered the building, under the Director. These departments were concerned with the types and materials of objects, and specialised in their history and expertise. Their names were (and still are) Architecture and Sculpture; Ceramics; Engraving, Illustration and Design; the National Art Library; Metalwork; Paintings; Textiles; Woodwork; Indian Section; and Circulation. In addition, the Museum now administers a number of "outstations" — Bethnal Green Museum; Ham House, Richmond; the Wellington Museum, Apsley House; and Osterley Park, Middlesex.

THE DIRECTOR OF THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM : Sir Leigh Ashton, who was appointed to the post in 1945 and has been responsible for the revolutionary changes achieved since the war.

The practical result of the old arrangement was that the visitor could see in one place the whole history of any one kind of object, such as miniatures or Sheffield plate or Staffordshire porcelain or Georgian furniture or seventeenth-century embroidery. This was an admirable arrangement for students, scholars and collectors, who tend to specialise along such lines, rather than in groups of objects like Georgian art, or French Gothic art, although a few wealthy collectors in the past have branched out like that.

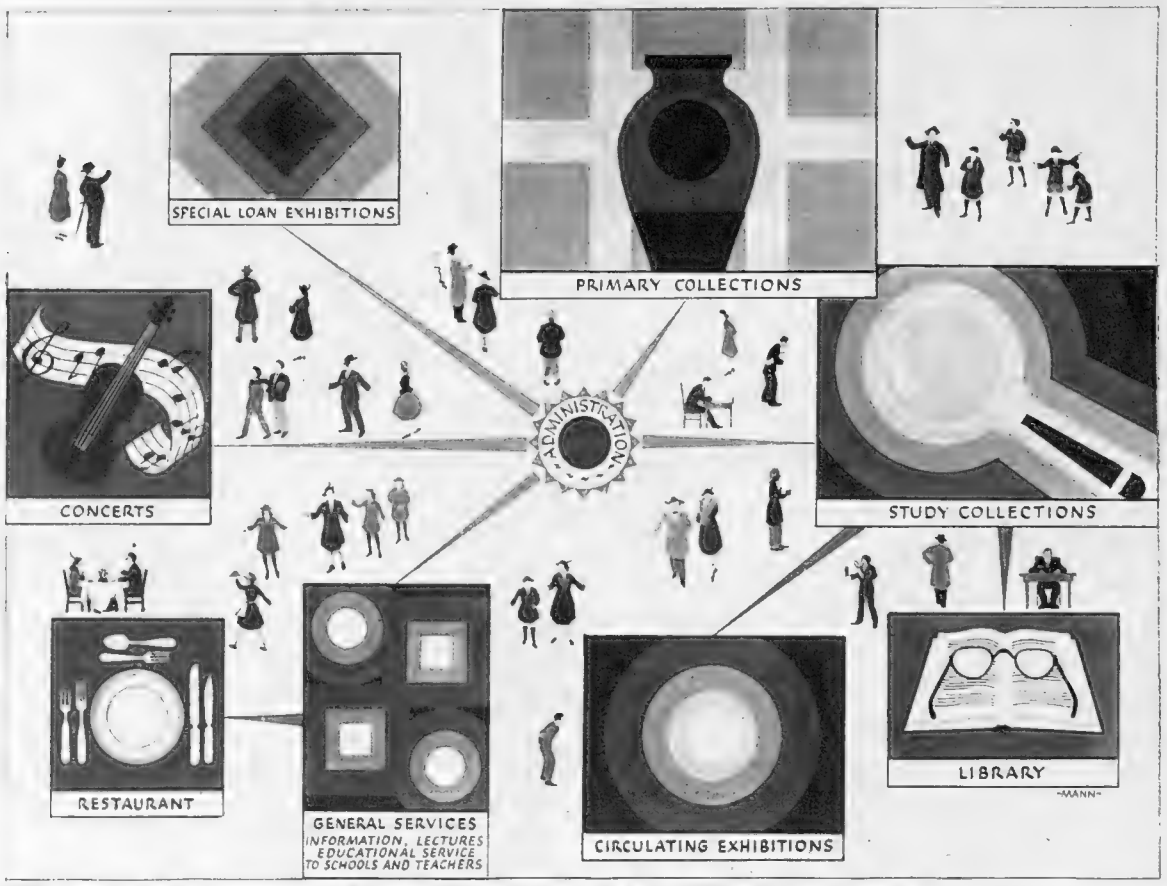
But over the last twenty years quite a new kind of public has arisen in this country. Influenced, no doubt, by the spread of popular education and the cultural broadcasts of the B.B.C., there is to-day a large body of men and women drawn from every walk of life, every trade and profession, and every income group, who take interest and pleasure in one or more aspect of the visual arts. Such people find that they can "get a lot out of" the arts, which previously meant little or nothing to them.

Such visitors may be clerks or typists, business men or doctors, or retired men and women, as well as students and teachers. One typical example known to me is a London magistrate, who comes regularly down to the Museum and spends perhaps half-an-hour, or an hour, looking at some group of objects he has noticed before and which he wants to "browse" amongst at leisure.

To-day visitors have been led to approach the arts from a broader, more humanistic point of view than earlier generations. They are more conscious of surroundings and feel more able to enjoy works of art in appropriate settings.

(Continued on following pages)

REVOLUTION AT THE V. AND A.



THE VARIED TASKS PERFORMED BY THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM : This diagrammatic sketch shows the nature of the central administration's work, including the arrangement and display of the Primary Collections, the Special Loan Exhibitions, the study collections, and the circulating exhibitions.

THE LURE OF THE THEATRE : Children at the Victoria and Albert Museum studying an historic stage setting. It is a miniature of the setting for *Azreal the Prodigal*, which was staged at the Theatre Royal in London. Models, pictures and posters all play a prominent part in the Museum's wide display of Theatre Art.

A STUDENT COPYING PART OF THE BRADFORD TABLE CARPET, ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS TEXTILE EXHIBITS IN THE MUSEUM : The carpet was made in the reign of Queen Elizabeth I and remains in perfect condition. The centre is filled with a trellis-work entwined with vine stems bordered with bunches of grapes. The border conjures up scenes from country life.

ARRANGING ONE OF THE TRAVELLING EXHIBITIONS SENT TO PROVINCIAL MUSEUMS AND ART SCHOOLS BY THE DEPARTMENT OF CIRCULATION : A member of the Department setting up a case of German objects for a display of Gothic craftsmanship. The central piece is a South German wooden polychrome figure of the Virgin and St. Anne. This countrywide circulation service by the Museum has been in existence since 1853.

A CASE OF GLASSWARE IN THE PRIMARY COLLECTIONS : It helps to illustrate the decorative arts between the years 1750 and 1820. Towards the left is a cut-glass bowl engraved with the arms of Winde. It is English or Irish of about the year 1775. On the right is a candelabrum of cut glass on a pedestal of gilt blue glass and ormolu, belonging to the late eighteenth century.

TAKING A CLOSER VIEW OF THE SION GOSPELS : A visitor examining one of the great treasures of the Victoria and Albert Museum. They are bound in gold, enamel and precious stones. The Gospels are of German origin.

(Continued from previous page)

For these reasons it was decided in 1945 to alter the old policy. With the collections dispersed and disrupted after the war, and the building itself in need of almost complete redecoration, it was an ideal moment to put into effect a new scheme. This scheme comprised taking the pick of the Museum masterpieces —over 10,000 objects of every description—and placing them in a special series of galleries called the Primary Collections. These masterpieces were arranged not as before by their material or type, but by the period and style in which they were made. So instead of showing, for example, all the gold and silversmiths' work together, all the furniture, ironwork, and the many other classes of material, these specially selected works of art were to be arranged in an "art historical" series. So the early Christian objects and those from the Gothic, Renaissance and later periods could be found in successive groups, and the visitor would see the furniture, sculpture, embroideries, silver and other exhibits, period by period. In this way he could appreciate not only the beauty of the exhibits, but the way in which each of them fitted into its own time and epoch, and partook of its outlook and spirit.

This scheme, involving some forty-five galleries, was started in 1946 and is now all but complete. In addition to these Primary Collections, a number of special galleries have been arranged near by—those containing the series of Raphael's tapestry cartoons, the National Collection of English watercolours, works by John Constable, and the popular collection of

THE RECENT ACQUISITIONS ROOM TYPIFIES THE MUSEUM'S NEW APPROACH TO THE PROBLEMS OF DISPLAY : Here all overcrowding has been eliminated, the object being to focus the attention of the visitor on a few works of very special importance. Contrast this picture with that produced on the right, entitled "the ideal way to promote museum fatigue."

THE IDEAL WAY TO PROMOTE MUSEUM FATIGUE : This is what the Museum's Loan Court looked like in the years between the wars, with case after case displayed in serried rows for the edification of the public. All but the most persistent museum-goer must have grown weary after only a short while spent amid this embarrassment of artistic riches.

A SUPERBLY-DISPLAYED SECTION OF ONE OF THE PRIMARY COLLECTIONS : This room has been [illegible] up round the ceiling and mantelpiece of David Garrick's dining-room in the [illegible]hi, in the last half of the eighteenth century. The inset ceiling painting is by [illegible]tonio Zucchi. The armchair on the right is of beechwood carved and gilt. It was [illegible] of a set of four armchairs and a settee made probably by Samuel Norman from [illegible]signs by the great Robert Adam. The cabinet of rosewood and satinwood veneer with [illegible]d decoration and gilt bronze mounts was made for the Duchess of Manchester [illegible] a design by Robert Adam. The tea urn dates from about the year 1770.

ANOTHER SECTION OF THE PRIMARY COLLECTION OF ENGLISH FURNITURE AND DECORATIVE ARTS : In this well-arranged bay is a marble chimney-piece inlaid with coloured composition. It was the work of Peter Bossi, an Italian who flourished in Dublin between 1785 and 1798. The dressing-table is of mahogany, with marquetry of various woods. The commode on the right was the work of John Cobb, upholsterer to the King. The highly elaborate wall brackets incorporate masks of Venus and of Bacchus. They are from designs by Chippendale.

costumes. The Primary Collections include mostly what are called the "applied" arts—as well as sculpture—and range from the period immediately following the collapse of the Roman Empire, through European history, and up to the Regency and the corresponding early nineteenth-century styles on the Continent. Separate galleries in the Primary series are devoted to Islamic art and the art of the Far East.

Not only has the whole Museum been redecorated, but special attention has been paid to lighting and display, so that every individual object can be seen to its greatest advantage. There have also been incorporated some twelve period rooms containing furniture and ornaments of the period. The success of these collections is, I feel, without question; and they have been widely praised by art authorities.

Some of the older generation of scholars have felt doubts about what they feel is "showmanship." But it is not really showmanship; it is merely that all the most important objects are, as the French say, "*mettés en valeur*"; it is part of the present policy of the V. and A. that the most important thing about the new presentation is the object itself. Nothing is allowed to interfere with that. It is also to be remembered that the student and scholar of to-morrow are more likely to be first inspired by such superb objects, in their appropriate settings, than by first being introduced to them in the forbidding austerity of the older type of museum galleries. This is especially true now of the scholars-to-be, who have often had less opportunity than their parents of acquiring their first taste and enthusiasm for art objects by travel abroad.

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How the Victoria and Albert Museum Came Into Being

Its Beginnings Over a Century Ago in Marlborough House, When it was the Museum of Ornamental Art

The true ancestor of the "Victoria and Albert" was the Museum of Ornamental Art, opened in Marlborough House in 1852. In 1857 it was merged with a new collective museum of science and art assembled on part of the South Kensington site. This ground had been bought by the Commissioners of the 1851 Exhibition to further the Prince Consort's plans for a great cultural centre of museums and colleges in the district. The new museum was opened as the "South Kensington Museum" by Queen Victoria on June 22, 1857.

The art collections, from their small beginnings, grew faster than any of the other sections, until they came to occupy all the present site of the Victoria and Albert Museum—the scientific exhibits being transferred to the west side of Exhibition Road and elsewhere. As these collections expanded, the ideals of the original Museum of Ornamental Art were broadened: they had been described as the "application of fine art to objects of utility" and "the improvement of public taste in design." To these were now added the manifold tasks of selecting, describing and preserving for their own sake the finest products of artistic craftsmanship.

By the end of the century the Museum—in its art collections—had grown to include fine and applied arts of every kind, although the exhibits represented chiefly European art since classical times, together with the arts of the Near and Far East. By this time the scholar, the student and the general public were all catered for by a great and complex organisation which was still growing rapidly.

New buildings had been added from time to time and finally the foundation-stone for the parts fronting on Exhibition Road and Cromwell Road was laid on May 17, 1899, by Queen Victoria. (The architect was Mr. (later Sir) Aston Webb.) It was the last major ceremony performed by the Queen and she directed that the title of the Museum be changed to "Victoria and Albert Museum." On June 26, 1909, King Edward VII opened the new buildings and at the same time the title "Victoria and Albert Museum" was confined to the art collections only, the scientific collections being given the new name, "Science Museum."

On the exterior of the Museum is a series of statues, including Charles Barry, William Chambers, Sir Christopher Wren, Inigo Jones, William of Wykeham, Queen Alexandra, the Prince Consort, William Morris, George Heriot and St. Dunstan.

In its issue of July 3, 1909, THE SPHERE recorded the opening of the Museum by the King, and a special drawing was reproduced to show the rise of London's new museum quarter. King Edward drove to the Museum in an open carriage accompanied by his Consort, Queen Alexandra.

REVOLUTION AT THE V. AND A.

THE RESTAURANT IS A POPULAR RENDEZVOUS AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: There is table and self-service in the restaurant, which is open during all Museum hours. The incorporation of a restaurant in the Museum is one of many ideas combating the well-known malady of museum fatigue.

THE ART LIBRARY IS THE LARGEST LIBRARY IN THE WORLD DEVOTED TO THE FINE AND APPLIED ARTS: It contains over 250,000 books and pamphlets and is kept up to date by a constant flow of new works. Students' tickets are needed for regular readers, but any serious inquirer has access to the library.

COPYING COSTUME ILLUSTRATIONS IN THE MUSEUM LIBRARY: Work of this nature is done at the Victoria and Albert Museum by students and art workers in search of authenticity.

THE LECTURE THEATRE AT THE V. AND A.: This picture was taken at the recent talk on Buckingham Palace by Clifford Smith. It was one of the series of Coronation lectures which have been proving most popular. 400 people heard Mr. Smith, the lecture attracting many people who, in the course of their daily work in Coronation Year, have been drawn into various aspects of Coronation-time organisation.

INSPECTING THE SYON COPE: This celebrated example of English needlework is frequently the subject of close inspection by visitors, fascinated by the workmanship.

THE CATALOGUE STALL AT THE MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE MUSEUM DOES A ROARING TRADE: On most days there is nearly always a gathering of purchasers.

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But the needs of the student and scholar have also been carefully considered in the new arrangement of the V. and A. For the rest of the Museum is still arranged by material and type of object, in what are called the Study Collections; and here the expert can find a wealth of material on his speciality. In addition there is the Art Library, the largest of its kind in the world, with over 250,000 books on the fine and applied arts; the Print Room, with its extensive collection of prints, drawings and designs; and the Textiles Study Room, where the student can find the equivalent of a complete "library" of textile specimens of all periods.

Of far-reaching importance in education, but a service seldom realised by the London public, are the travelling collections of original works of art and photographs which are being continuously sent to museums and art schools throughout the country by the Circulation Department of the Museum. In 1952 this department sent 304 travelling exhibitions to provincial museums and galleries, comprising some 14,150 objects, as well as supplying many thousands of additional objects to art schools.

A new Department of Museum Extension Services was set up in 1946 to deal with public and Press inquiries, and to look after lecture arrangements, publications, photographs, and other services which touch the public: these activities are both a direct reflection and a stimulant to public interest.

In recent years the V. and A. has encouraged two further types of activity, both of which have now become accepted and popular parts of the London "cultural scene." First are the Sunday evening concerts held in the Museum quadrangle during the summer and—in winter—in the Raphael Cartoon Gallery. Secondly, the winter evening lectures on Wednesdays, dealing with the visual arts. These are given by experts from the Museum staff and from other art institutions.

Last, but not least to anyone who knows the very real disease of "museum fatigue," are the completely new refreshment rooms, where a table service and a cafeteria are available to the public at all times during which the Museum is open.

It was one of the Prince Consort's far-sighted plans to bring together on the South Kensington site—a site bought with the profits of the 1851 Exhibition—a large group of museums, colleges and other cultural centres. This plan was carried out, as any visitor to the district can see for himself. The recent developments in the Victoria and Albert Museum have still further advanced the realisation of Prince Albert's ideals.

BUILDING BRITAIN'S SANDBAG SEA DEFENCES

AN ALL-OUT EFFORT BY THE SERVICES TO GUARD AGAINST THE NEXT ONSET OF THE HIGHER-THAN-NORMAL TIDES

BUILDING THE GREAT SANDBAG WALL AT MABLETHORPE, LINCS : Troops engaged in creating emergency defences on the Lincolnshire coast, where some of their work was swept away by a second very high tide last week. One of the breaches at Mablethorpe is three miles long and this has engaged the greatest concentration of troops on the East coast. More than 1,000 soldiers from Northern Command and more than 3,000 from Eastern Command were playing their part in wall construction last week, and since then there have been reinforcements. Another of the tasks of the Army was bringing cattle to safety in the inundated lands.

IT WAS A RACE AGAINST TIME FOR THESE TROOPS BUILDING THE SANDBAG WALL AT SUTTON-ON-SEA : Troops carrying filled bags to the wall for placing in position. The men on the left are doing the building as a constant stream of filled bags is brought from the spot where filling operations are in progress. At the southern end of Sutton-on-Sea the objective has been to construct a wall a quarter of a mile long, 26 ft. high, and 120 ft. wide at the bottom. Lincolnshire has the largest breaches on the stricken coast.

A TEMPORARY DAM BUILT ACROSS THE RAILWAY AT YARMOUTH : The object of the dam was to seal off floodwaters preparatory to pumping operations which would send the water back into the Yare.

FIRE-PUMPS LINING THE ROADWAY AT WHITSTABLE AS THE TASK OF PUMPING OUT THE BASEMENTS BEGAN : Fire-brigade workers went to the coast from many parts of the country to assist in the task.

BURIED IN A MOUNTAIN OF SAND : A car engulfed at Mablethorpe, Lincolnshire, where the sand was driven inshore through the fierce action of the tides.

SITTING ON THE BOWS OF AN ARMY D.U.K.W., THE SELF-APPOINTED NAVIGATOR'S MATE TESTS THE WATER FOR DEPTH : They were among the troops charged with the task of sealing the Canvey breaches.

FIGHTING THE BATTLE OF TEWKES MAIN AMID THE DESOLATION OF CANVEY ISLAND: Troops are seen hard at work attempting to build up the embankment at a point where the main floodwaters had roared across in a tidal wave, leaving the house seen on the left flooded up to the first-floor windows. It has now been established that forty breaks were made in the sea wall at Canvey, and emergency repairs were put in hand last week by the River Board, aided by troops, whose vital, primary task was to make Canvey watertight. It was generally recognised that Canvey presented the scenes of greatest devastation on the east coast, and the view was taken by engineers that if Canvey had not suffered, the water would have poured up the Thames, creating havoc nearer the heart of the Metropolis.

THE AFTERMATH OF THE EAST COAST FLOODS

Repairing Devastation and Carrying Out Relief Operations in the Areas Which Have Been So Tragically Overrun by the Sea

SANDBAG OPERATIONS ON CANVEY: *Left*—Men of the Royal Air Force preparing to load sandbags into boats for conveyance to the various points where the sea defences were broken. *Right*—Layers of sandbags already in place along the Canvey wall which is also depicted at the head of this page during an earlier stage in the work. The initial task was to provide sufficient defences to ensure that there would be no break-through during the high tides in the second week of February. The R.A.F. played a notable part in the task, and between Harwich and Barking it was estimated that last week they were filling over 280 breaches in the defence system

ANXIOUS RELATIVES SCAN THE LONG LIST OF NAMES OF FLOOD VICTIMS POSTED OUTSIDE BENFLEET POLICE STATION : The first news from Canvey was that at least 150 people were dead and 500 were missing, but later reports minimised the loss when it was realised that there had been duplication of the returns in many instances.

U.S. SERVICEMEN PLAY THEIR PART IN THE RESCUE WORK : Members of the United States Air Force searching amid the wreckage of dwelling-houses at Hunstanton, Norfolk, not far from their base at Sculthorpe. Altogether thirty-five bungalows near Hunstanton beach were occupied by American Servicemen and their families, and the toll of life was considerable. When the Queen visited Hunstanton she met some of the Americans and expressed her sympathy in their loss.

THE SEAFRONT AT MABLETHORPE, LINCS, SHOWING THE PROMENADE POUNDED TO DESTRUCTION BY THE WAVES : Mablethorpe, from which 6,000 people had to be evacuated after the first onrush of the floods, was again inundated on Wednesday of last week when the sea swept into the town through breaks in the sea wall, washing away thousands of sandbags.

SAND BROUGHT IN BY THE TIDES IS PILED HIGH AROUND THESE HOUSES AT SUTTON-ON-SEA, LINCOLNSHIRE : Roads in the Sutton district are covered with sand to a depth of 4 ft. Further floods there last week complicated rehabilitation work, but did not do much new damage.

HELPING TO CLEAN UP A STORE IN KING'S LYNN : Goods and rubbish piled on the pavement after this provision store had been flooded. Main Street, King's Lynn, was badly flooded when the gale piled up the waters of the Wash.

PEOPLE LOOKING FOR THEIR LOST BELONGINGS AMID THE RUINS OF THE OLD FLINT COTTAGES AT SALTHOUSE, ON THE NORTH NORFOLK COAST : Salthouse, lying on the Norfolk bulge and facing almost due north, took the full brunt of the great tides as they swept in along the flat stretch of coast to the east of Blakeney Point. The Norfolk flint and brick walls did not stand up well to the battering.

SHEERNESS IN THE PATH OF A TIDAL WAVE: THE NAVAL DISASTER

Two Warships Capsized in Dry-Dock as the Floodwaters Poured into the Royal Naval Dockyard, Flooding it to a Depth of 3 ft.

AFTER THE FLOODWATERS HAD SWEPT THROUGH THE ROYAL NAVAL DOCKYARD AT SHEERNESS, CAPSIZING TWO WARSHIPS, THE SUBMARINE "SIRDAR" AND THE FRIGATE "BERKELEY CASTLE," LYING IN THE DRY-DOCKS: In this dramatic picture the 1,100-ton frigate is seen on her side. Her supports were carried away as the rising waters overflowed from the wet basin into the three adjoining dry-docks. The Royal Naval Dockyard was almost entirely flooded and electrical power was cut

TWO OF THE THREE INUNDATED DRY-DOCKS AT SHEERNESS: In the foreground is the capsized frigate *Berkeley Castle*, which may have to be broken up as her salvage presents a difficult and possibly insoluble problem. In the background is the dock in which the submarine *Sirdar* was completely submerged by the tidal wave which swept through the naval base. The two wrecked warships have been inspected by Sir Arthur Whitaker, the Civil Engineer-in-Chief of the Admiralty, and Vice-Admiral Sir William Beverley, Director of Dockyards, who have discussed possible salvage plans in the dockyard.

A bronze tablet in the dockyard church at Sheerness commemorates the 1,070 officers and men who lost their lives when the warships *Bulwark* and *Princess Irene* were destroyed in the harbour by internal explosions on November 26, 1914, and May 27, 1915, respectively. Those major disasters were recalled by many older people in Sheerness last week when the sea, whipped up by the gale, swept across the dockyard in a great tidal wave, flooding the whole area to a depth of 3 ft. and capsizing the frigate *Berkeley Castle* and the submarine *Sirdar* in their dry-docks. There was no loss of life in the dockyard. Preliminary investigation suggested that the *Berkeley Castle*, which was completed in 1943, might prove a total loss. One most unfortunate aspect of the catastrophe was that the lock gate protecting the main basin at Sheerness was removed for urgent repairs, so that on the night of the flood, when warning of abnormally high tides were given, the dockyard authorities knew what was likely to occur and could do nothing about it. On the following day Mr. J. E. Melville, Civil Secretary to the Captain in Charge at Sheerness, declared: "I believe this is the biggest catastrophe which has ever befallen a dockyard in peacetime."

The tidal wave, which swamped the dockyard, also cut off the town of Sheerness from the outside world, large areas being flooded and some 300 families rendered homeless. Last Monday a Hastings aircraft of the Royal Air Force dropped 40,000 empty sandbags just outside the town to assist in the task of rebuilding the broken sea walls. An emergency committee was formed in the town to deal with such problems as the contamination of water, blocked drains, lack of electricity and food supplies. Efforts to restore the road and rail links with Sheerness were at once put in hand, and there was special urgency in the matter as the town's flooded sewerage system threatened disease.

Sheerness originated in a fort built in 1660 to protect the Thames and Medway entrances. In 1667 the Dutch Fleet captured the fort, but it was quickly recovered. The dockyard grew to considerable importance in the last century. During the Second World War Sheerness escaped the Luftwaffe largely, it is said, because the German High Command believed that it was an ideal port for their invasion and should be preserved intact.

THE SUBMARINE "SIRDAR" LYING ON HER PORT SIDE SURROUNDED BY FLOATING TIMBER SHORES AND BROKEN SCAFFOLDING: This picture was taken in the Sheerness dry-dock after part of the floodwater had been drained to reveal the scene of wreckage. Salvaging the *Sirdar* presents a simpler problem than salvaging the *Berkeley Castle*, although much of her equipment, including all of her electrical gear, will have to be stripped from her hull before reconditioning can begin. The *Sirdar* was undergoing a refit at the time of the disaster and some of her hull plates had been removed, thus causing her to be flooded within a few moments of the tidal wave.

A SPANISH VICTIM OF THE GREAT STORM WHICH RAGED ROUND BRITAIN'S COASTS: The *Sactillo Tordessillas*, a vessel of 2,156 tons, limping into Dover Harbour at the end of a tow-rope. The ship struck a breakwater during the night after dragging her anchor in a high wind. Dover did not have the worst of the gales, but British Railways' cross-Channel services to and from Dover had to be stopped.

THE LINER "CLAN MACQUARRIE" DRIVEN ASHORE IN THE HEBRIDES: The battered vessel stranded on the Butt of Lewis at the height of last week's gale. The 7,131-ton *Clan Macquarrie* was sailing from Dundee to Glasgow via the north of Scotland. As soon as she went aground Stornoway lifeboat went to the rescue. The first attempts to refloat the ship were unsuccessful.

On left—

A FREIGHTER BEING BATTERED BY HEAVY SEAS OFF THE EAST COAST NEAR CROMER: The ship is seen amid the surging seas whipped up by a gale estimated at about 90 m.p.h., the same gale which drove the tides across the sea defences of the east coast of England from Humber to Thames.

HOW TROOPS AND CIVILIANS WAGED THE BATTLE OF THE FLOODS

BULLDOZERS IN ACTION IN LINCOLNSHIRE AND NORFOLK; SANDBAGS FROM THE AIR FOR SHEPPEY'S DEFENCES; THE GREAT OUSE GAP

A BULLDOZER GOES INTO ACTION IN LINCOLNSHIRE, MAKING GOOD USE OF THE SAND CARRIED INLAND BY THE TIDES: The sand is being pushed into a solid block behind a wall of sandbags set up by troops at Mablethorpe to fill one of the breaches on this part of the coast, where complete evacuation has been made necessary. Mablethorpe Council urged the people to stay away from their homes for another three weeks, and police appealed to motorists to keep away from the Lincolnshire coast to make way for heavy equipment on the roads.

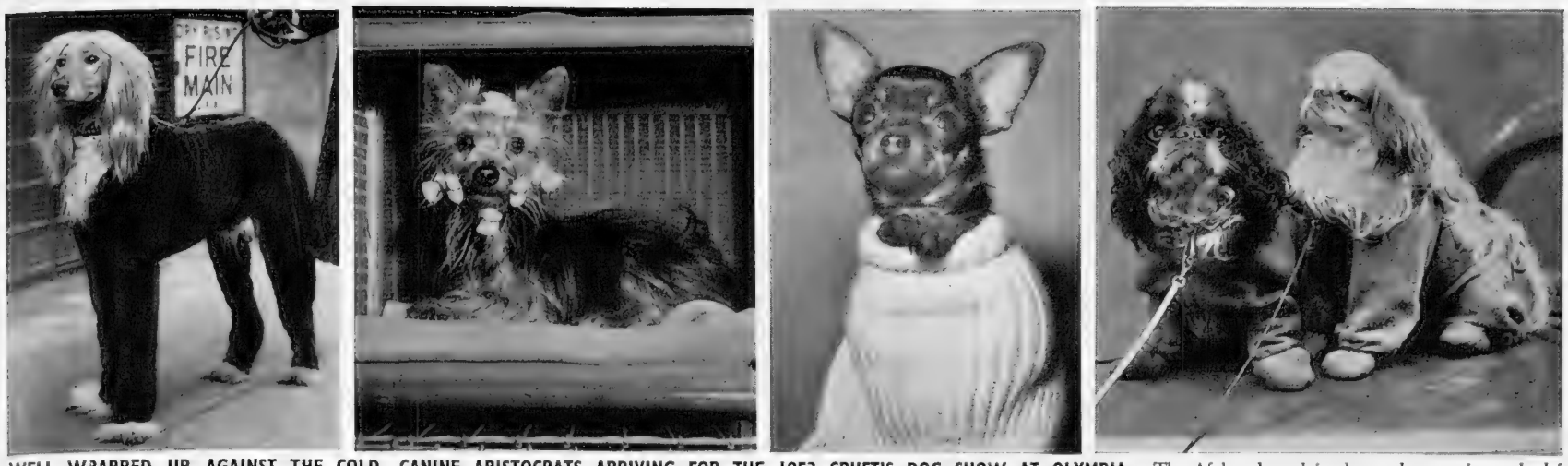
BATTLING TO CLOSE THE BREACH OF THE RIVER OUSE: A scene of intense activity on the river bank at Wiggenhall St. Mary Magdalen, where troops were assisted by local volunteers and also by Cambridge undergraduates.

THIS BOATLOAD OF SHEEP WAS RESCUED FROM WINDMILL CREEK, ISLE OF SHEPPEY: In order to co-ordinate the rescue of livestock, the Navy, the Marines and the Army have established a combined headquarters at New Hook Farm, East Church, Sheppey, where DUKWS have been standing by.

DOWN GO THE SANDBAGS: Men of the Royal Army Service Corps Air Dispatch pushing bundles of sandbags out of a Hastings aircraft for use in filling gaps in the Isle of Sheppey sea defences. Men of the same company, the 47th, have also been sent out to Holland.

BULLDOZERS IN THE VILLAGE OF PALLING, ON THE NORFOLK COAST: Mountains of sand were quickly shifted and, as at Mablethorpe, the idea was to pile them up against the sandbag walls to reinforce the temporary defences. Palling lies halfway between Cromer and Yarmouth, and inland lies the vast stretch of the Norfolk Broads.

THE GAPING BREACH IN THE BANKS OF THE RIVER OUSE AT WIGGENHALL ST. MARY MAGDALEN: Through this immense gap the water poured far and wide across the countryside. This is the largest breach in the Ouse ever known. It is 40 yards wide and is situated four miles from King's Lynn. The problem has been exacerbated by the fact that a weak spot a few hundred yards north of the breach threatens to burst.



WELL WRAPPED UP AGAINST THE COLD—CANINE ARISTOCRATS ARRIVING FOR THE 1953 CRUFT'S DOG SHOW AT OLYMPIA : The Afghan hound in the corduroy suit *on the left* is Patrols Khanabad Jungi, owned by Mrs. Yates-Badley, of Birmingham. The Yorkshire Terrier, *second from left*, is Martynwyns Wee Teddy, exhibited by Mr. A. H. Coates, of Walthamstow. Gri-Gri, the 2-lb. Chihuahua, in the woollen sock, is to be offered to the Queen as a pet for Prince Charles. This dog was the smallest in the show. *On the right* are two King Charles Spaniels in their walking-out costumes. They are Vihurst Son o' Peter (left) and Ch. Pierre of Vihurst, both owned by Miss D. V. Vincent, of Wokingham.

CLIMAX AT CRUFTS

An Eye-witness Account of the Greatest Dog Show in the World

By JOHN MAY

AROUND six in the evening, a complete Olympia hall was cleared to make a sawdusted "ring" the shape and size of a football pitch. A solid wall of people, in deep rows of chairs, with more standing crowded behind, surrounded it, and countless others pressed against the gallery rail above. Centrally, on a green baize table for notabilities along one side, glistened two huge, bright silver trophies the size of urns. And left finally in the ring were four dogs: a dark, sleek Smooth-haired Dachshund, close to the ground, with tiny legs twinkling; a demure Cocker Spaniel; a happy Afghan Hound, with dignified swinging gait; and a joyous Great Dane, as large as a golden calf and a thousand times as beautiful.

After two days of repeated judging of nearly two dogs at Cruft's Show, this was the climax, the competition for the champion of champions. Walking round each of the four dogs in turn, touching them, feeling them, looking this way and that, bending to watch their gait as each was paraded again up the pitch and back, were the final judges, Mrs. W. Barber and the Earl of Northesk.

Claps and cheers for each dog. Confidential consultation between the judges. The four handlers trying to look unconcerned. The Great Dane's continually smoothing his dog's coat with his hands. The Afghan's hardly ceasing to brush its long, silky hair. And then, at last, the decision, which the crowds, by their applause, have all along anticipated. The Best in Cruft's for 1953 is Champion Elch Edler of Ouborough, the Great Dane!

Immediately dog and handler are surrounded by a jostling ring of Press photographers throwing flashes of light-bulbs from their weird black boxes and shining reflectors. Lady Chelmsford presents the two huge prizes, the Kedell Memorial Trophy and the Daytona Cup. Beneath blindingly intense arc-lights the dog is persuaded to stand between them—he is not used to such large trophies—to be seen by thousands more on television. And from his perch overlooking all in the top of the Kennel Club stand, the commentator, Assistant Secretary C. A. Binney, through the loud-speakers pays the final happy compliment to the perfect temperament of a great dog: "And his tail still wags!"

It is as if beauty in the size of a dog is, with other things, at last off the ration. But it is evident, too, that the British dog-lover appreciates more than ever before that beauty alone is not enough, and that behaviour and obedience in a dog are essentials, too. All day long for the two days the crowds stand thick around the Obedience Ring in the National Hall. Here Lieut.-Colonel J. Y. Baldwin, D.S.O., is the judge in a display that is something comparatively new for Cruft's. Nine dogs on Friday, and nine bitches on Saturday, all notable winners of training tests and Obedience Certificates, compete by invitation. They go through a dozen tests that are uniform for an open obedience competition, but a startling revelation to ordinary dog-owners. Dog after dog, for instance, steadfastly refuses to take tasty food—simply because it is offered by a stranger.

Would old Charles Cruft have agreed with the innovation? With his flair for showmanship, probably yes. Born a hundred years ago, as a boy he joined James Spratt in the new venture of selling "dog cakes," and had to become a traveller for the new firm to earn his five-shilling wage. He organised the canine section of the Paris Exhibition in 1878, staged his own first show in this country in 1886, at the old Royal Aquarium, and in 1891 put on the first of his long series at the Royal Agricultural Hall at Islington, London. This show was patronised by Queen Victoria. Cruft's became a national event—and to gamekeepers all over the country an annual holiday and outing, which it still is.

After the war the Kennel Club took over, and this year's show is the fifth under its direction. Every dog of more than a hundred breeds exhibited is, of course, registered with the Kennel Club, and the jockeying for popularity among the breeds goes on, with Cruft's entries and results both the effects and cause. The total Kennel Club registrations reached a peak of 110,000 just after the war, in 1946, but have now settled back to around 80,000.

The Cocker Spaniel has held top place in the popularity poll now since 1938, longer than any other breed. The changes in fashion are reckoned to follow a cycle of about ten years—a dog's "allotted span." At the end of the 1914 war the Pekingese was the most popular dog, but the Wire-haired Terrier beat him within two or three years. At the end of the next cycle, the Alsatian moved to the top, and then ten years later the Cocker. Now the order is Cocker Spaniels, Alsatians, Pekingese, Miniature Poodles, Boxers and Pembroke Welsh Corgis.

Men who go to war apparently bring home with them the love of a dog, for similar to the rise of the Alsatian after 1918, the Boxer recently swooped up from a pre-war seventieth to flatten off at its present position. Both are breeds of German origin. Welsh Corgis rose by Royal favour from eighteenth. Miniature Poodles have made a tremendous run in six years: 17th, 15th, 12th, 9th, 7th, 4th, perhaps because their freakish clip is photogenic and provocative of publicity, while the essential dog underneath is no fool, but affectionate and small enough for present-day flats and cars.

Watch the judges in the thirty-odd, square, chair-surrounded rings, working devotedly through the 12,000 entries. Each dog may be entered in several of a possible score of classes in its breed: puppy, junior, maiden, novice, debutant, undergraduate, etc. There are classifications of colour and sex too. In all there are more than a thousand classes, with cups, cash and silverware to be won; coveted red "firsts" and other coloured cards to be handed out. Two halls and two galleries are full of the judging rings and of benched dogs in their little compartments. There are dogs barking, dogs sleeping, dogs happy and a few sad. The owners and handlers sit with their dogs, sleep with their dogs, comb them, feed them, take them out for a run, take them to the show-ring and bring them triumphantly or stoically back.

On the first day it is the Hounds, Terriers and Toys; notably the Dachshunds, the Cairn and Scottish and Fox Terriers and the Pekingese. And on the second day, first the Non-sporting dogs—Alsatians, Collies, Boxers, Poodles and Corgis—and then the Gundogs: seven breeds of Spaniel and four of Retriever, with Setters and Pointers. They must all stay until eight o'clock to give the public a chance to see them, and meantime the stand-holders sell dog food, dog medicine, dog insurance, dog clothing and harness, dog books and journals, dog charity, dog cigarette-cards and so on—plus odd undoggy things, from dancing dolls and glass-cutters to scent and waffle-makers.

Quite as many women as men exhibit dogs, if not more—especially on the first day. Good-humoured overheard comments add to the thronging fun. "If I don't break his ruddy neck one day, he'll be a good dog!" And "I gave him a taste of a free sample food, and he sicked it up immediately!" The general public is wonderfully fair

(*Continued on following page*)

THE GREAT DANE CH. ELCH EDLER OF OUBOROUGH, OWNED BY MR. W. G. SIGGERS, OF GODSTONE, SURREY, WHICH WAS JUDGED THE BEST EXHIBIT AT CRUFT'S : After a long deliberation the judges gave this animal the supreme award, Cruft's Cup for the best dog in the Show. In spite of its great size, the Great Dane is as elegant as any other breed. Properly trained, they make excellent companions.

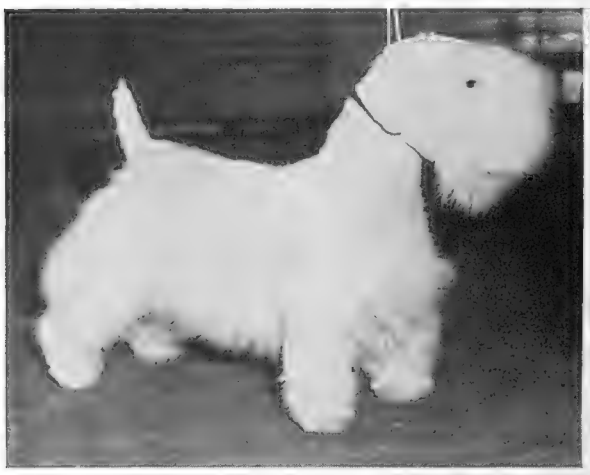
***On right*—**
THE RESERVE BEST IN SHOW—MRS. I. M. ABSON'S AFGHAN HOUND CH. NETHEROYD ALIBABA : This dog won the award for the best in Show on the first day, but finally gave place to the Great Dane Ch. Elch Edler of Ouborough as the supreme champion of the Show.

CLIMAX at CRUFT'S: The GREATEST DOG SHOW in the WORLD

A GENERAL VIEW AT CRUFT'S—JUDGING WEST HIGHLAND TERRIERS AT OLYMPIA: Since Charles Cruft staged his first Show in 1886—a small affair of 600 dogs—the Show has gone from strength to strength and has long been the biggest in the world. This year nearly 6,000 dogs of all kinds were entered.

THE BEST OF BREED FOR BASSET HOUNDS: This fine dog i Songster of Reynalton, and was exhibited on the first da at Cruft's by Mrs. N. E. Elms, of King's Somborne, Hants

A BEAUTIFULLY GROOMED SKYE TERRIER, AN THER BE OF BREED WINNER: This is Merrymount Sun Charit exhibited by Mrs. J. Weber, of M ddlesmoo



THE SEALYHAM—A HANDSOME DOG AND A FINE SPORTSMAN: This is Mrs. C. Charters' St. Margaret Soloist, a splendid dog which was adjudged best of breed.

BEST OF BREED IN THE CLUMBER SPANIEL CLASS: Mr. R. Cape's Carnforth Dick. Unlike most spaniels the Clumber is not apt to make friends with strangers.

THE BEDLINGTON TERRIER BEST OF BREE —MR. WINDER'S CH. GAYBOY OF FOXINGTON: The Be lington is quite unlike the other terrie in bui

THE GRACEFUL BORZOI, AN ARISTOCRAT FROM RUSSIA: Mrs. J. Curnow's Ch. Apex of Woodcourt, seen in the judging ring on the first day of the Show at Olympia.

MR. AND MRS. A. WILLIAMS-GARDNER'S WELSH TERRIER, DUMBAH WAFFLE, BEST OF BREED: The Welsh Terrier occupies an exalted position in the Terrier family, being friendly and companionable as well as useful.

THE BULL TERRIER CH. KILSAE FOXTROT: This stur dog, which was exhibited by Mrs. I. Simpson, Alnwick, Northumberland, was judged best of bree

(*Continued from previous page*)

and just, and at the "Best in Show" on Saturday night frequently wonders that it is possible to judge between the merits of dogs of such highly diversified shapes, colours and sizes.

But the win of W. G. Siggers with his Great Dane, Champion Elch Edler of Ouborough, bred nearly two years ago by the late J. V. Rank, is very popular, especially as he has never before won a first prize in this breed at Cruft's. The way that E. Abson handles his wife's Afghan, Champion Netheroyd Alibaba, and wins the Reserve Best in Show, is greatly appreciated. And those who know are happy to see H. S. Lloyd in the final running with his Tracey Witch of Ware, which has won "Best in Show" on two previous occasions Lloyd, premier breeder of the premier breed, loves to quote the rhyme by E. V. Lucas: "Of all the dogs that are so sweet The Spaniel is the most complete; Of all the Spaniels, dearest far The little loving Cockers are."

But the Great Dane's win coincides with the come-back that large dogs have made since the war. Then the Mastiff, a majestic dog of almost unbelievable size, said to be Britain's oldest, dwindled to ten senile dogs, and had to be rescued by importing young dogs from America—grandchildren of others sent there in the '30s. This year, twenty-four were shown, and of Bull mastiffs, forty-eight. Cecil Clark, whose Radcot Classic in this latter breed won firsts in the post-graduate and limit dog, kept them through the war, but admits that even to-day "You have to love this kind of dog by dipping your hand in your pocket to feed it." Two pounds meat a day is normal.

Most popular among the Gundogs (other tha Spaniels) are the Labrador Retrievers, eighth in th popularity poll. Down from Scotland on the nig train, and off again after the Show to catch anoth night train home, Lieut.-Colonel Hill, from Kilmacol a farmer and miller, took firsts in post-graduate a special beginners dog classes with his Yellow Labrad General of Garshangan. No distinctions are ma between yellow and black in the Labradors. B Colonel Hill is certain that they are "The most use all-round retrieving dogs and nice household dogs, too

What is it that fascinates, then, with the Miniatu Poodle? No show dog is ever more thoroughly dolled-

JUDGING IN PROGRESS ON THE FIRST DAY—A GENERAL VIEW OF THE CRUFT'S DOG SHOW AT OLYMPIA : Surprisingly, the exhibitors make more noise than the dogs. There is hardly any barking and most of the dogs are trained to a very high standard of behaviour.

AURAELEAN AUTOCRAT—THE BEST OF BREED BULLDOG EXHIBITED BY MR. R. J. GIBSON, JNR. : The bulldog is traditionally representative of British valour, and he is no less a dog of vast strength.

PEKINGESE ON THE SHOW TABLE—A TREMENDOUSLY POPULAR DOG WITHOUT A RIVAL AMONG THE "TOYS" : These amusing and intelligent dogs continue to enjoy great popularity, particularly among ladies, and are exceeded in numbers by only two or three other breeds. At Cruft's this year there were no fewer than 200 Pekingese, making a total of 361 entries in various classes.

than the Poodle, even occasionally to the extent of coloured ribbons, gold bracelets, and "mayoral" necklaces! The completed clip with fluffed-up anklets, topknot, mane and pompon on the tail, and with legs, behind and face close clipped, is calculated to arouse admiration—or disgust. "Excuse me," asked one puzzled small boy, "is that dog knitted?"

There are reasons for the Poodle's queer appearance. Of Russian origin, adopted by Polish kings, named by the Germans and blamed on to the French, as a gundog for duck shooting it could swim best with hindquarters clipped, and the ribbons were a bright signal so that it should not be shot. Lady Campbell and Mrs. Diana Waugh, whose spotless white Berinshill Gay Time had just won firsts in puppy dog and maiden dog in the Miniature Poodles, said: "Although they look primped up when on show, if allowed to lead a normal life, they really are a sporting breed, and very happy and intelligent companions as house dogs." The present demand for Miniature Poodle puppies is hard to meet. And then a breed not in the first twenty for popularity, but well loved all the same: thirty-odd Boston Terriers, something like pretty miniature bulldogs, were at Cruft's. Mrs. J. Woolridge, whose Tricola Duchess of Monoux, had won firsts in novice and graduate classes, said they were "An ideal house pet, sporting, very intelligent, and affectionate." Despite their name and their appearance on American films with gangs of kids, she denied that they barked with an American accent!

Britain, in fact, adopts breeds of dogs from all over the world. The Weimaraners, for instance, from Germany, were on show among "not classified" breeds, and attracted favourable attention for their velvety blue-grey coats and handsome appearance. Having adopted and popularised a breed, British fanciers then begin a lucrative return traffic. More Miniature Poodles are exported currently than any other breed, and America takes more of Britain's dogs than any other country—over a thousand of all breeds went to the U.S.A. last year alone. A win at Cruft's can put the export price of a dog as high as £1,500.

Meantime, in Britain, the obedience societies, notably the Aspads (Associated Sheep, Police and Army Dogs' Society) and the B.A.A. (British Alsatian Association), are growing fast, and there are obedience societies in every town of any size. All breeds are allowed, but Alsatians are the most popular, although the winner in competition for bitches on Saturday at Cruft's was the black-and-white Border Collie, Obedience Champion Zena, owned by W. H. Shackleton.

Two-thirds of Britain's 3,000,000 licensed dogs are now pedigree bred. Now it seems that we are turning, none too soon, towards having dogs not only well bred but perfectly behaved. In obedience tests such as those given at Cruft's, the dogs must walk to heel free, sit smartly when the handler halts. They must be sent away, drop at command, stay down while the handler walks around, and come to heel immediately when called. They must sit, stand or lie down at a distance at command, and do the same when the handler walks on without them. They must retrieve, and also pick out from others by scent an object handled. They must refuse food from strangers, sit for two minutes and lie down for ten, both with the handler out of sight. Yes, Crufts certainly set the pace in canine good manners!

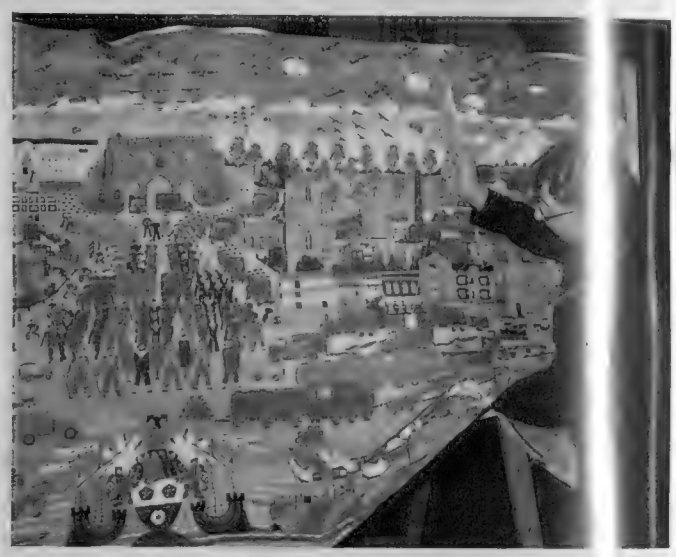
Home News in Pictures

FROM LONDON AND THE PROVINCES

Horses for the Coronation Procession; Moira Shearer Returns to the Ballet; Southampton's Tapestry and New Steam Tender; the Earl and Countess of Harewood in the West Country; The Royal Commission on East Africa; Construction and Preservation in London and Middlesex

THE HORSES PREPARE FOR THE CORONATION—THE WINDSOR GREYS IN LONDON, AND GERMAN HORSES ARRIVING AT MELTON MOWBRAY, LEICESTERSHIRE: *Left*—The eight Windsor Greys which will draw the Coronation State Coach on June 2 seen passing the Victoria Memorial outside Buckingham Palace during a recent "pacing test" over the route. Other test drives, including the use of walking troops, have already been made, and as the day of the Coronation draws nearer practice processions will become more frequent. *Right*—Officers and men of the Royal Army Veterinary Corps Camp at Melton Mowbray take charge of fifty German horses as they arrive at the Leicestershire town for training at the camp. The horses, which have come to England to take part in the Coronation procession, left Hanover two-and-a-half days previously, travelling to this country by way of the Hook of Holland and Harwich. Major Lewis Bowen was in charge of the horses during the journey to Leicestershire. It was to the Melton Mowbray veterinary camp that Field-Marshal Rommel's Arab stallion was brought for training after its capture during the war.

MOIRA SHEARER REHEARSING AT COVENT GARDEN AFTER AN ABSENCE FROM BALLET OF OVER A YEAR: Last August the twenty-seven-year-old ballerina had a daughter, but she has decided that there is no reason why she cannot be an artiste as well as a mother, and last Saturday she made a return performance at the Royal Opera House. Moira Shearer, who married Ludovic Kennedy, the writer, in 1950, started practising again last October. She had hoped to be dancing in December, but postponed her return at that time because she thought she was not ready. She became known to millions throughout the world by her films *The Red Shoes* (1948) and *Tales of Hoffmann* (1950), and she stars with James Mason in the new film *The Story of Three Loves*, which is soon to appear in London.



MRS. E. BURROWS, THE MAYORESS OF SOUTHAMPTON, PUTS THE FINAL STITCH IN SOUTHAMPTON'S "BAYEUX TAPESTRY": The tapestry depicts the High Street and Docks of Southampton packed with soldiers and fighting vehicles prior to the D-Day operations. It was designed by students of the Southampton College of Art, and work on the tapestry has been carried out by women's organisations in Southampton. The completed tapestry will be unveiled on April 22 by Princess Alice Countess of Athlone.

THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF HAREWOOD (RIGHT) SHARE A JOKE WITH THE HON. MRS. STUCLEY, OF HARTLAND ABBEY, AND MR. R. DUNCAN AT A FANCY DRESS BALL HELD AT HARTLAND ABBEY, NEAR BIDEFORD, DEVONSHIRE: Mr. Duncan is chairman of the Taw and Torridge Festival Society, who were giving the fancy dress ball. Later in the evening the Earl and Countess of Harewood presented the prizes to the dancers in the best costumes.

MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL COMMISSION ON EAST AFRICA DURING ONE OF THEIR MEETINGS IN LONDON: They are, from left to right, Sir Frederick Seaford, Professor S. H. Frankel, Mr. R. S. Hudson, the Chairman, Sir Hugh Dow; Professor D. T. Jack, Mr. Arthur Gaitskell, and Mr. Frank Sykes. The eighth member of the Commission, Chief Kidaha Makwaia, is in Tanganyika. The Commission, which was proposed long before the Mau Mau troubles in Kenya began, is to inquire into all economic, land and social problems in the East Africa Region as a whole. The members will leave for East Africa later this month, and they will probably return to this country for a brief period before completing their investigations on the spot.

SKYSCRAPERS ARE BEING BUILT IN LONDON: These twelve-storied blocks of council flats are under construction in Old Street, Finsbury. Designed in a rather revolutionary style, the flats are 112 ft. high and are being built in the form of tall, narrow triple-winged towers, buttressed against a central structure. Altogether 180 flats are being built in three blocks for Finsbury Council. For their architect, Mr. Joseph Emerton, they present the fulfilment of a long-held ambition, as for many years he has been a pioneer in the cause of "New Architecture," which advocates building skywards rather than widespread low buildings. It is hoped that the first block of these new flats will be ready in September of this year.

THE BAFFLE WALL FOR LONDON AIRPORT IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION: The baffle wall is being built to lessen the noise, which has become a nuisance to people living in the vicinity. It is situated in the south-east corner of the airfield, near to the engine-testing sheds, as this has proved to be the area of the worst disturbance. Shaped like a boomerang, the wall is 210 ft. long, 18 ins. thick and is strengthened at intervals with twenty-two buttresses. When completed the wall will be 30 ft. high, but, if found necessary, another 10 ft. will be added later.

A NEW STEAM TENDER, INTENDED FOR SERVICE IN LIVERPOOL BAY, IS LAUNCHED FROM THE WOOLSTON YARD OF JOHN THORNYCROFT AND COMPANY, LTD.: The *Vigilant* takes the water at Southampton following the naming ceremony performed by Lady Hodges, wife of Sir Rex Hodges, general manager of the Mersey Docks and Harbour Board. The vessel, with a length of 172 ft. and a breadth of 35 ft. and intended for service in Liverpool Bay, is fully equipped for a variety of duties, including buoyage supervision, salvage operations, survey and fire-fighting. She has been built with a special heavy bow casting capable of taking a load of 100 tons on the forward main deck to enable her to cope with heavy salvage operations.

A GEORGIAN HOUSE AT TWICKENHAM, MIDDLESEX, IS SAVED FROM DEMOLITION: A view of the houses on the Embankment, showing No. 2 in the foreground, which is to be preserved. The owner of No. 2, Mr. E. Viney-Brady, has been told by the Ministry of Housing and Local Government that his appeal against the demolition proposal, in order to make room for flats, has succeeded. Efforts are being made to preserve this part of Twickenham, and the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings and the Georgian Group are giving their support.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE MOTORIST

The Plea for the Relief of Taxation; Motor-cyclists and Their Crash Helmets, and the 20-mile Speed Limit on Heavy Goods Vehicles

BY "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

THE Government has come in for a good deal of criticism lately from organisations connected with motoring and road transport. Take, for instance, the Standing Joint Committee of the motoring organisations.

This body, representing the R.A.C., the Automobile Association and the Royal Scottish Automobile Club, was obviously in militant mood when it met for its first conclave of the new year. It hit out at the Government regarding the petrol tax, car tax, purchase tax and even motor-cyclists' crash helmets.

Calling for a reduction of the motorist's burden under each of these taxation headings, the S.J.C. commented:

Petrol Duty: This now amounts to 2s. 6d. a gallon and it was officially stated that the object of the last increase of 7½d. was partially to restrict consumption and thereby curtail dollar expenditure.

With the improvement in the production of oil from non-dollar sources this consideration can no longer apply to the same extent.

Flat Rate Tax: The flat rate tax of £12 10s., coupled with the extra petrol duty, was a heavy additional burden and a serious injustice, particularly to owners of older cars of less than 10-h.p.

Purchase Tax: This was introduced as an anti-inflationary measure, but to-day, in an entirely changed situation, there is overwhelming evidence that it is no longer required for this purpose. Intending purchasers hesitate to buy new vehicles while the tax exists.

The S.J.C. has since been in touch with the Chancellor of the Exchequer in the hope that he will bear these points in mind when preparing his next Budget. On the subject of the Government's refusal to remove the purchase tax from crash hats the S.J.C. describes the official attitude as completely illogical.

And so it is. At one moment the Government is imploring motor-cyclists to wear crash hats; in the next breath it is saying it cannot wipe out purchase tax on these helmets "because it is impossible to differentiate between safety equipment of this kind and articles of ordinary wear." Why?

While the Government leaves this obstacle in the way of motor-cyclists who would like to buy crash hats but cannot afford them, efforts are being made in a number of different quarters to popularise these "safety bowlers."

The Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents, for instance, has offered a prize of £100 for the motor-cycle club which produces the best scheme for popularising the crash hat; and the *Daily Express* has offered a £150 motor-cycle to the reader who sends in the best popular name for the crash helmet.

But I have wandered from the subject of the Government's attitude to the motorist and public criticism of its policy. Apart from the Standing Joint Committee, the British Road Federation has also been on the warpath.

In the February issue of its monthly bulletin the Federation hits out on the subject of the 20 m.p.h. speed limit on heavy goods vehicles.

And this, of course, is a matter of interest to all motorists. Under the heading "Passing the Buck," the B.R.F. bulletin states: "It would be difficult to find in the history of Parliament a situation more absurd and one revealing a greater measure of weakness in a Government than that which exists over the raising of the speed limit for heavy goods vehicles from 20 to 30 miles an hour."

The bulletin is particularly indignant over Lord Leathers's excuse for not raising the speed limit: the attitude of the lorry drivers, who, he said, were not prepared to accept the change unless they were sure that their interests would be adequately safeguarded.

I quite agree that the Government should not refrain from taking action out of the fear that it might not meet with the approval of the drivers, and that the drivers might cause trouble. Adequate machinery exists for safeguarding the drivers' interests when the limit is raised to 30 m.p.h., as, of course, it should be.

So Britain has managed to win the Monte Carlo Rally for the second year running! Congratulations to the Ford Motor Company and to the two drivers of the 2¼-litre Zephyr Six, which came in first: Maurice Gatsonides, of Holland, and Peter Worledge, of London.

Fords claim that the Zephyr is the cheapest car ever to have won the Rally. It certainly has the smallest engine of any Rally winner since Hector Petit won the 1930 in a 904-c.c. Licorne.

It was a pity, of course, that the results of the Rally depended so much on the accuracy of the stop watches used by drivers in the speed and regularity test on the 46-miles Col de Braus circuit high up in the mountains outside Monte Carlo. That and the skill with which they were used.

Every one of the Rally starters who got to Monte Carlo with a clean penalty sheet, after driving 2,000 miles through fog and darkness over icy roads at an overall average speed of 31½ m.p.h. for three days and three nights, must have had the edge taken off his justifiable pride by the knowledge that 252 others had been equally successful.

In 1952 only five cars got through without loss of marks. But while the 1953 Rally was still a tough test of driving—and it was particularly exhausting this year—the weather was much kinder than usual in spite of almost frightening forecasts.

The Rally organisers had made provision for the possible influx of hundreds of penalty-free cars. They could not cope with more than 100 cars in the vital speed and regularity test over the Col de Braus, so they held an acceleration and braking test on the promenade down by the harbour, and the 100 with the best times qualified for the Col de Braus junket.

There was jubilation among the British when Sidney Allard put up the fastest time of the day in an Allard made by his own firm. For Sidney won the Rally last year in a similar car—it was Britain's first win for twenty-one years—and a lot of people thought he had a very good chance of doing it again.

Another "favourite" was Peter Harper in one of the 2¼-litre Sunbeam-Talbots. He put up the fifth best time in the acceleration test. In all, 32 Sunbeam-Talbots entered the Rally, 32 started, 28 arrived without loss of marks and 17 qualified for the Col de Braus.

It was a surprise to everybody that there was only one Sunbeam-Talbot (the one driven by Stirling Moss, Desmond Scannell and John Cooper) in the first twelve prize-winners. Moss came in sixth, and was one of the drivers who helped to get the nominated team prize for the Sunbeam-Talbot marque. The others were Godfrey Imhof and Leslie Johnson.

The prize for the make of car gaining most points with any three entries went to Jaguars, for Ian Appleyard, of Leeds (who had his wife Pat, daughter of Mr. William Lyons, as co-driver), was second in the Rally; Colin Vard, of Dublin, was fifth; and Air Vice-Marshal Donald Bennett (wartime Pathfinder chief) was eighth. Each was driving a Mark VII saloon.

So Britain did very well, with seven cars (of four different makes) among the first twelve positions. In addition to those I have already mentioned, Sidney Allard was ninth and Cuthbert Harrison twelfth (in another Ford Zephyr). Sheila Van Damm (Sunbeam-Talbot) was runner-up for the Coupe des Dames. She looked like winning it—and it would have been the first time for twenty-one years that Britain had "lifted" this trophy—but had the extreme bad luck of getting a puncture on the Col de Braus circuit.

FLASHBACK TO THE 1953 MONTE CARLO RALLY, WHEN THE FIRST AND SECOND PLACES WERE TAKEN BY BRITISH CARS: In addition to the two leading cars—Maurice Gatsonides and Peter Worledge in a Ford Zephyr Six and Ian Appleyard in a Jaguar—several team prizes were awarded to other British cars. In this picture the cars of many nations are seen parked alongside the harbour at Monte Carlo.

NEW YORKERS SEE THE LATEST CHRYSLER CARS: This is the "Special" Sports Coupé which has been on exhibition at the Chrysler Building in New York. The "Special," designed by Chrysler engineers in Detroit and built in Italy by Ghia, was previously on show in Paris. Also on show in New York was the Chrysler "404 Racer," which recently broke all existing records for speed and endurance.

What 's going to happen now that every British car is "off the covenant"? It all depends, of course, on the Budget and our export trade. If the Chancellor abolishes or reduces the outrageous 66⅔ per cent. purchase tax on cars there is certain to be a rush to buy. For without any doubt at all, thousands of people are holding back from buying new cars in the hope that the tax will be modified in the Budget.

There will still be a brisk temporary demand for new cars after the Budget, even if the tax is untouched, for many motorists and fleet owners will—tax or no tax—be unable to go on any longer without replacing the ageing, ramshackle vehicles they have been using for so long.

In either event, it may not be possible, this spring, to go into a showroom and get immediate delivery of the lower-priced cars—especially if the export markets open up, as is confidently expected by the motor industry. Yet, taking a long view, it looks as if the industry will be able to cope with all home and export demands this year without keeping any customers waiting long. The Government has more or less promised the industry all the steel it wants, and it would be delighted to have the chance to step up production, put all their workpeople on full time again and, if necessary, re-employ the fellows they have had to sack through lack of work.

Did you know that the site of the Austin Motor Company's factory at Longbridge, Birmingham, covers 250 acres, and that it has 8 miles of internal roads, 7½ miles of railway track and over 16 miles of overhead conveyers?

I must confess that neither did I until I received a copy of the company's *Press Guide*, a handy little volume packed with facts about the firm and its products. The main car assembly building has a production potential in excess of 4,000 vehicles a week, and the firm employs more than 19,000 people, including 1,800 who have been working for it for twenty-five years or more.

The weekly wages bill is £228,000; 1,700,000 meals are served at the factory every year; and each week 5½ miles of carpet, 2,500 hides and 180 miles of electric wire are put into the new cars.

Congratulations to *The Motor* on the jubilee it has just celebrated with a bumper issue that does credit to Temple Press. During the past fifty years *The Motor* has done much to popularise motoring and help the industry achieve its present proud position in the export markets. Mr. Christopher Jennings, the editor, is holding high the journal's unique reputation.

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The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

THE HAIR-RAISING ADVENTURES OF EL CAMPESINO

"Listen Comrades," the Story of a Spanish Communist in Russia Who Endured Greatly and Escaped Miraculously

A SPANISH boy brought up in Estramadura, one of the most backward provinces of Spain, "a hard school," as he says himself, was nicknamed El Campesino—The Peasant—at the age of fifteen, and while still young became a general in the Spanish Civil War. His Communist colleagues made much of him, and after the war he was brought in some triumph to Moscow, there to be further indoctrinated and trained in the arts of war and politics. El Campesino, however, was a Spaniard and, as such, an individualist. He did not take kindly to regimentation or to blind lip service, and he was soon a victim of savage persecution, torture and imprisonment, until after ten years and many attempts he finally escaped from Russia to tell his story of life and death in the Soviet Union.

LISTEN COMRADES (Heinemann. 15s.) is a terrible story and an extraordinary one. It is like no other account of Soviet oppression that I remember reading, because El Campesino is like no other man. He is very nearly a legendary figure; a man who has survived treatment that should have killed him three times over, tough, ruthless, courageous and always and consistently an enemy of oppression. He tells his story in the simplest, most direct terms, without self-justification or self-pity and, indeed, with the minimum of comment. He states facts and lets the facts explain themselves. His adventures are hair-raising, but they are given no more emphasis than his description of the hierarchy of a prison camp. He had a fairly successful interlude as a bandit, he made love to women, bribed policemen, forged papers, survived slave labour in an Arctic mine, all with the same kind of shrewdness and sheer physical strength. He escaped from the Soviet regime with white hair and the marks of torture on him. That he should have escaped at all is almost superhuman.

ANNEMARIE SELINKO, AUTHOR OF "DÉSIRÉE," THE NEW BEST-SELLING NOVEL BASED ON THE LIFE OF DÉSIRÉE CLARY: The novel (published by William Heinemann at 15s.) tells the story of the fiancée of Napoleon Bonaparte, the bride of Marshal Bernadotte, who became the toast of Paris and, as Bernadotte's wife, Queen of Sweden. *Désirée* was first published in Denmark, where the first edition of 11,000 copies was sold in a fortnight. The Swedish edition followed, and now world sales exceed 500,000 copies. Vernon Fane reviewed the novel in last week's issue of "The Sphere."

Miss Eleanor Clark's long, reflective, discursive book, ROME AND A VILLA (Michael Joseph. 21s.), is the kind of contrast that makes a reviewer's work particularly rewarding, for this book, too, has its own excitement, although on such an utterly different plane. Miss Clark writes about a city she knows well, and she writes of it with as much grace and ease whether in relation to its sixth-century existence or the vast cocktail parties of the day before yesterday. Hers is a scholarly grounding and a fresh and often gay approach to an immense subject.

The book has been described as a biography of a city, but I find that inexact and a little too grandiloquent. I would rather say that it was a series of essays, travel and historical notes, adding up to a richly varied impression of Rome, a wonderful introduction or an inspired reminder. Miss Clark writes of aspects as different as Hadrian's villa at Tivoli, the post-war bandit, Giuliano, and the nineteenth-century Roman poet, Belli, all to illustrate her central theme of Rome. Her style is not always easy, and there is a tendency to overwhelm the reader with description and meditation, fact and fancy, but as a whole the book is genuinely impressive, and in its way a true work of devotion.

VAUX OF HARROWDEN—A Recusant Family (Johns. 25s.), is the story of an English family with an unbroken tradition of Catholicism, lasting over 500 years to the present day. Father Anstruther, who has written their history in a volume of as many pages, has traced them from the fifteenth century through the years when they were persecuted and impoverished for their faith, to the 200 years when the title was in abeyance till it was revived in 1838 by Queen Victoria. In his foreword, Mr. D. B. Wyndham Lewis suggests that the chapters on the Gunpowder Plot, with which the Vaux were notably concerned, will make the most absorbing reading to the average reader (with whom he is pleased to join himself), and I agree that these passages are of exceptional interest. But to the persevering reader, undaunted either by small numerals or appendices, there is much that is human, touching and inspiriting.

Mr. James Wellard, whom I remember some years ago as a talented war correspondent, says that he feels entitled to call himself a citizen of the world, since he was born in England, is a naturalised American citizen, lives in Italy and pays everybody taxes. There may be sound support for his contention, but what is certain is that his new novel is cosmopolitan to the extent of being Anglo-American-Franco-Russian in almost equal proportions. NIGHT IN BABYLON (Macmillan. 12s. 6d.) has the ominous theme of the "liberation" of a collapsing France by the armies of the East. The year is 1956, the scene a small, provincial French town and the protagonists an American tourist, his English wife, a Polish officer (another nationality to add to the tally), a French pharmacist, and a more or less active chorus of Russians and Communist Frenchmen.

Through no spirit of levity, but simply because I was unconvinced, I was unable to take Mr. Wellard's theses as seriously as he evidently has, and even wished now and again that he would make up his mind whether he was writing about war, political faith, religious belief or good old love. But it is an extremely readable novel for all that, and I can only hope that not a word of it comes true.

The ramifications of a rich Jewish family living in California are explored with relish by Miss Vina Delmar, who may be able to write a silly word but seems congenitally incapable of writing a dull one. For this reason I found myself pursuing the saga of THE MARCABOTH WOMEN (Robert Hale. 9s. 6d.) with almost as much zest as its author, although on sober analysis I could find nothing in it to hold me. The Marcaboths are traders in precious things, a family of sons ruled over by a matriarchal mother to whom even their wives must pay homage. This is a conception of life that never fails to irritate me when I meet it in fiction, but I suppose it could have a basis in fact. At any rate, Miss Delmar's characters accept the situation with just enough ill-will to make this a readable story and not a tract.

ALYS AT ENDON (Macdonald. 10s. 6d.) is a novel on a more ambitious and more dramatic plan, and I think it has real quality. Miss Rosalind Wade writes about a Dorset manor house just before the First World War, and the contented group of people living there whose peace and security, and even safety, are to be savagely threatened by the arrival in the household of one young and fairly pretty girl. Miss Wade succeeds admirably in conveying first, the ordered calm of the place and the loving companionship of its owner and his wife, and then, by degrees, the loss of confidence and trust, and, finally, the violent climax, inevitable but horrible. In some ways, this novel has overtones of the better Victorian writers, their solidity of construction and their assurance in handling melodrama. Certainly it deserves recommendation.

Mr. Paul Chadburn has a good deal of fun with his novel TREBLE CHANCE (Longmans. 10s. 6d.), which I take it is his first, and the reader has just as much or even more. Mr. Chadburn's hero looks like a Graham Greene character, being raincoated and indeterminate in appearance, but there the resemblance ends. Mr. Greene's figures only look drab and faceless: this fine fellow of Mr. Chadburn's really *is* insignificant, and thereby has all the strength of a real comic invention. I laughed aloud more than once over these pages of Mr. Chadburn's novel, and think that you will too.

BIG RED (Faber. 15s.) is, fairly unexpectedly, the name of a kangaroo and Mr. Henry G. Lamond has written its story from birth, described in enough detail to satisfy the most exigent naturalist, to the day when the fully-grown male 'roo, as they are apparently called in their native country, fights for the leadership of his own "mob." There is all you need to know about kangaroos, here told by one who understands the ways of these creatures and who knows the Australian brush. As for my own reaction, I can only say that I 've never known much about kangaroos before and never particularly cared for what I did know; now, after reading Mr. Lamond's story, I know a good deal more.

Mr. Manning Coles and his adventurous hero, Hambledon, take a crack at the Iron Curtain in the new story, ALIAS UNCLE HUGO (Hodder and Stoughton. 10s. 6d.), which is a typically lively, not to say violent affair, rather in the Bulldog Drummond manner, and concerns the rescue of a boy king from the democracy of all democracies where kings have not even a curiosity value.

WEB IN CHILDHOOD (Robert Hale. 10s. 6d.) is a romance of Lancashire in the days when slave-trading was still bringing great fortunes, but when the feeling against it had already risen to ominous heights and Mr. Wilberforce's Bill was a bright light on the horizon. Miss Winifred Duke always has a sound backing of research for her historical novels, and a popular approach that makes them welcome to the less serious of her readers.

THAUMATURGY

An Experience in Naples and an Expedition to Italy's Far South

Who better than an Irishman with a command of vivid prose and more than a touch of the mystic to make a journey through the Calabrian countryside to Sicily, starting amid the teeming slums of Naples and ending amid the remote villages of the deep south? Sean O'Faolain, in SOUTH TO SICILY (Collins. 16s.), describes in his opening pages watching the miracle of the liquefaction of the blood of St Januarius; thaumaturgy, he calls it, the science of wonder working. But he was not happy in this atmosphere of wild expectancy in which feelings of fear and suspicion followed closely upon one another as the teca, a monstrance of Angevin workmanship, glassed on both sides, was held aloft so that the people might see and by stop-watch time the hour of liquefaction; for upon that depended the prognostications of the year. All the phial's forms of behaviour have been worked out. If it becomes *rosso vivi* or *rosso cuppo*, if it swells or if it dwindles, if it is completely melted or if a hard core remains, there are meanings for these things, and if it boils Vesuvius will erupt. After this experience Sean O'Faolain was glad to leave behind the atmosphere of Naples. To enjoy the city, he so rightly says, one needs to leave it often. He halts briefly at Ischia and Capri, not omitting in his account memories of Norman Douglas, and the route then leads into the sun-scorched south. The gentle uplands, south of the Tavoliere, pale and pink and flatly flowing from the Apennines to the sea, where the farmers lift the vines each year to sow and plant a double crop; Il Salento, the tip of the heel of the Italian peninsula, with its barren rocky stretches and its vaporous languor; and Punta St. Nicola, an enchanted village on its little blue bay, each draw from this author the enchanted words we expect, and the result is a travel book to treasure and to read and re-read again, not omitting even that chapter on thaumaturgy.

Here is a very different travel book, a journey in point of time and place written well, but in the orthodox manner. Dorothy Wellesley, Duchess of Wellington, has lived a very full life in many places. FAR HAVE I TRAVELLED (James Barrie. 16s.) is beautifully written, giving clear-cut glimpses of the author's early youth, of her journeys to Florence, Oberammergau, Egypt, India and Russia, and of her encounters with the great and the near great. W. B. Yeats was a particular friend, and she describes the poet's last days most movingly.

Of all the stories that have emerged from the war one of the most extraordinary was that relating to Admiral Canaris, Hitler's chief of espionage, who it now emerges was a traitor to the Nazi regime. Now here is another tale, hardly less remarkable, in which H. J. Giskes, former Chief of German Military Counter-Espionage in Holland, Belgium and Northern France, describes how for twenty months the London Secret Service radio links with their agents and the Resistance Movement in Holland were under German control. It caused, needless to say, a tragic loss of Allied Secret Service and Air Force men, the whole catastrophe following the arrest of an Allied agent who consented to play back his transmitter. Giskes calls his book LONDON CALLING THE NORTH POLE (William Kimber. 15s.). His style is racy, strangely journalistic in an English manner, and there are many questions the reader will want to ask, not least of the Allied agent who set going the chain reaction of disaster. Certainly the full story of Operation Nordpol, as it was called, will not emerge from one volume alone by Giskes, the Rhinelander who so astutely "fooled the English."

Those who wish to be well-informed on Middle Eastern affairs should not miss Clare Hollingsworth's THE ARABS AND THE WEST (Methuen. 21s.), in which the author surveys Egypt, Palestine and other Arab lands with a skill born of long acquaintance. Clare Hollingsworth poses many questions, notably regarding the politics of oil, the power of Communism in the Middle East, and the relative strengths of the military forces deployed.

Odette Joyeux, one of the brightest stars of the French cinema, as witness her screen debut in *Entrée des Artistes* and her part in the gay and naughty *La Ronde*, is also a writer, with two plays to her credit, one of which will soon be produced on the Paris stage, and one previous book, *Agathe de Niel L'Espoir*. It was Jean Giradoux who encouraged her to write, and it was well that he did so. In CHILD OF THE BALLET (Allan Wingate. 15s.) Odette calls to mind her early impressions as a very, very young ballet pupil of the Paris Opera, one of *les petits rats*. She entered the ballet by accident, rather than by vocation, and we see in her opening pages how, with the intense curiosity of a child, she piled impression upon impression, which somehow she imparts with rare delicacy, a delicacy which Arnold Haskell has done nothing to disturb in his sensitive translation. For Odette Joyeux the opera was a hard taskmaster, her talent matured amid its fiercely exacting demands, but somehow or other life was endurable; for here was the world of fantasy that no child would ever want to resist.

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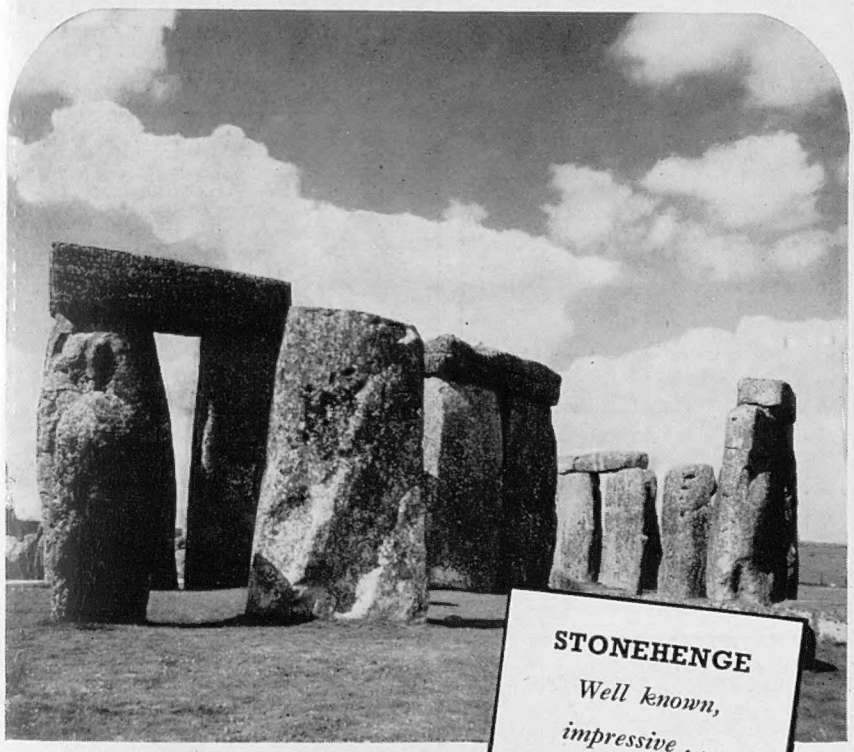

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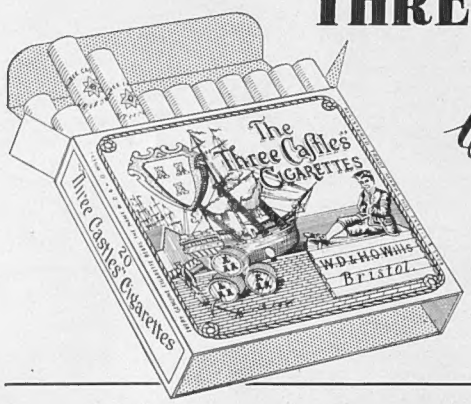

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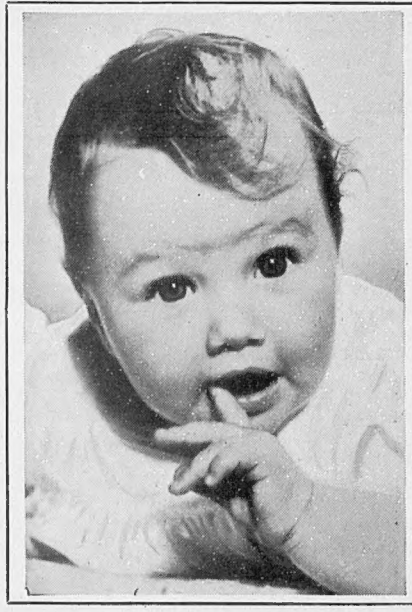

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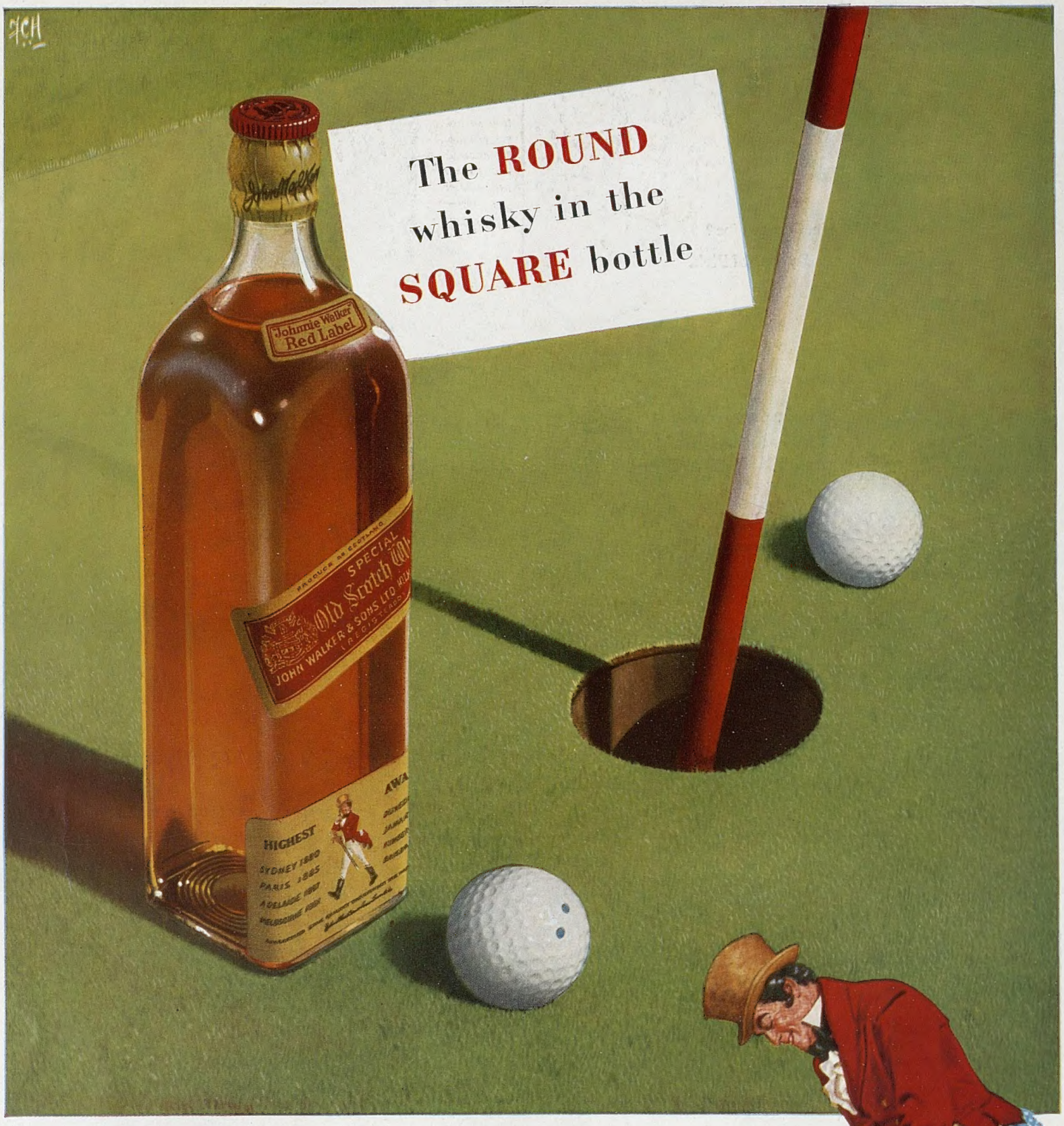

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